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For the New-Yorker.

## LINES.

It is a quiet hour—my thoughts are far:
Call me not back to life!—they soar away
From its brief limits—visiting each star
That shines above with clear and glorious ray.

Call me not back! the dazzling orb of Heaven
The blue, the deep, the far untravelled sky
Hath kindling visions to my fancy given,
Yet changing as the clouds that wander by,—

The bright, bright clouds of Heaven! Oh gaze and look
Upon their surfaces—they bear Life's story
And history shadowed—'tis an unsealed book,
Yet truly written—all the fleeting glory

Of human things: Ay: cold and dark to me
Hath ever been this strange, strange life of ours:
Dark, dark—its purpose wrapped in mystery:
Oh! wherefore do we bring immortal powers

To this low world? Oh! for a home of light,
A bright, bright home amid those depths of blue,
Softly to open on my aching sight,
Where I might float above in ether too.

Ah! blessed vision! never more repining
Would meet thee there—nor care, nor human tears;
Ne'er wouldst thou mourn again the extinguished shining
Of any star, or thrill with earthly fears

In that fair home, beyond the starry sky,
Feeling no more the weight of weary hours;
But see the living waters flowing by,
And Sorrow bind her pallid brow with flowers.

Not yet, not yet for me those distant spheres:
Let me be patient still, and own thy love,
Father! while Earth's fair realm my spirit cheers,
While so serenely smiles the sky above.

Why should I murmur? now the soft winds float
Gently around me, and the woods are still,
Or echoing only to the pleasant note
Of the cicada's song from hill to hill

A stirring hum! Ay! 'tis a soothing dream
This hour hath brought me, as I gently glide
Adown the surface of Life's troubled stream,
Forgetting that its changing waves divide

Fond hearts from mine!—forgetting as I gaze
On the bright earth, the calm and glorious sky,
To wish aught more amid Life's busy maze
Than my own thoughts—a 'goodly companie'—

And the glad sunshine!—these be with me still;
With these I muse—till all the sky and sea
Are gilded bright—with these I mount each hill—
With these I wander through Eternity!

Brooklyn, Sept. 7, 1836. L. H.

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For the New-Yorker.

## HARPER'S FERRY.

It was a cool, cloudy morning, as I mounted my Rosinante (otherwise yclept 'Tom Thumb') for a ride of thirty miles to the renowned Harper's Ferry. My road lay through a rich and highly cultivated country—now suddenly touching some point of the Potomac, and then stretching away amid the extensive farms of the planter, rich with the produce of the soil, and waving a welcome to the sickle of the reaper. My road was delightful till within about eight miles of the Ferry, when it suddenly turned off into a mountain, or rather a mass of mountains, which nature seemed to have thrown confusedly together in a hurrying moment of some of her mighty revolutions, and became fearfully wild and romantic. Now it ascended the abrupt mountain, and now plunged into a deep gulf encircled on all sides by the solemn hills; and then again wound along their precipitous sides, with the rocks above and the torrent beneath; and here and there a solitary hut half hid by the bushes, perched like an eagle's nest among the overhanging cliffs. The rattling of my steed's hoofs over the loose stones, and the voice of the torrent as it went talking to itself along its gloomy path, sounded strangely in these deep solitudes. A solemn hush was on every thing; not a bird sang upon the bough, nor a wing whistled over my head; and I confess, dearly as I love Nature, that once or twice, as I listened to the shout of some unseen wanderer, as it rang and echoed along the hills, and looked up to the rocks above and forward on my darksome path, feelings of fear became mingled with the awe I felt despite my better judgement,—and descriptions of scenes in the Alps and Pyrenees, and anecdotes of the banditti that dwell in their fastnesses, came to my recollection, and I thought their most desperate bands could not wish for a wilder or securer home than this.

The road emerged from the hills as suddenly as it entered them, and I found myself on the brink of a canal, with the tow-path on the opposite side—the only barrier separating it from the Potomac, which went dashing and foaming along over its rocky bed. Nearly a mile below, on the opposite or Virginia side of the river, reposed the little village of Harper's Ferry. My road continued along the Maryland side, and so narrow that the canal appeared close under my feet; while, opposite, the upright rocks, rising several hundred feet above my head, seemed almost to press against my shoulder.—I could not avoid smiling at the pigmy appearance myself and horse exhibited by the side of these giant forms of Nature; yet once or twice I was startled as I looked up and saw huge masses of rock, with their rough outlines clearly defined against the sky, leaning steadily over my pathway, and appearing as if a breath might heave them from their eternal resting-places.

The road and mountain together gently incline towards the village till directly opposite it, when they immediately recede away in a corresponding direction. At the turning point, a bridge is thrown across the river, with the other extremity resting on the acute angle formed by the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah. The area of the extreme point of this angle appears to be an elevated rock, and is completely covered with buildings. This is the only level spot the eye can any where rest upon. It is, however, only the extreme point, for the rock almost immediately breaks into a high promontory so abrupt that you ascend it by steps cut in its solid side. From the summit of this hill the scenery should always be viewed. On one side of it is Jefferson's Rock—a large flat rock, resting on a small pedestal upon one underneath, and covered with inscriptions of travellers. From this point the Potomac is unseen, but you have a full view of the Shenandoah tumbling beneath you, and gaze directly upon the breast of the rocky, inaccessible mountain, along which it wanders.

As I was strolling along this hill, wholly intent on the scenery around, suddenly and almost from beneath my feet arose a sweet hymn sung by childlike voices, and floated out upon the breeze, mingling its simple melody with the loud anthem of the river. Advancing a few steps and looking over a cliff, I saw a group of little girls standing with uncovered heads, chanting that wandering strain. Against the rock over which I was leaning, stood the little priestess of that assembly, with her raven locks drooping carelessly over her neck and shoulders, and in her hand holding a leaf of some shrub for a book, from which she seemed to have read the hymn that rose so sweetly on the air. It was a wild place for such a scene, and the whole combined was worthy the pencil of Raphael.

But go where you will, you find the impress of American enterprise. I had scarcely left this interesting group when I caught the tinkling of a bell in the vale below, and, looking down, saw a train of cars starting away for Winchester.—I watched their course, now half-concealed by a tuft of trees, now sweeping gracefully along like a file of cavalry, throwing their shadow upon the river beneath, till at length the gorge of the mountains swallowed them from my sight; and nothing but the light steam, as it curled slowly up the rocks, remained to tell where they pursued their deep and solitary way. No wonder Mrs. Trollope said that 'if there were a gold mine in the bottom of the ocean, the Americans would have a rail-road leading to it.' We are certainly a nation of utilitarians; yet however plainly our internal improvements may indicate an engrossing desire for gold, they as plainly exhibit what the human mind, left to act as its own untrammeled energies incline, can perform. Under the influence of such minds, accomplishment seems to wait on the foot steps of every undertaking. But I have often wondered, when standing amid such scenery, what those old hills, which from the birth of Time have heard nothing but the sounding of tempests among their rocks and caverns, or roar of rivers at their feet, must have thought when they first heard the clink of the hammer and rattling of wheels amid their awful solitudes. It seems almost sacrilege to disturb the repose of these hoary veterans of time with such unholy sounds.

On the summit of this promontory is a burial-ground, and just below it a church located in this strange spot, for the simple reason that there is no other place to put them. The grave-yard is filled with dwarfish pine-trees which give it a gloomy aspect. In noticing one or two new-made graves, I saw that nature had kindly formed the rock of a clayey texture, so that it could be excavated; otherwise the caves and torrent beds must have been their sepulchres. It is a solemn place for the repose of the dead, for ever trembling beneath the rush of the rivers that nightly wrap their mists around them as a shrood, and chaunt an eternal requiem for the departed spirits. And, as I stood and gazed upon the solemn hills around, I thought that even the wave-girdled tomb of Napoleon could not be wilder than theirs. Yet, after all, it seems a strange arrangement to have the dead slumbering above the heads and dwellings of the living. The church is where it should be—a temple within Nature's temple. I love to see a house built for the worship of God placed amid the majesty of his works, where every object that meets the eye proclaims the Deity, and every sound that falls on the ear partakes of the solemnity of another world.—On a bright Sabbath morning, when the noise of the heavy enginery is hushed below, and the hills seem listening in reverence to the loud thanksgiving of the waters, it must be sweet to bow within this temple and worship. But when the tread of the thunder is heard on the hills, and the wing of the tempest sweeps these ravines till every rock and cave have found a tongue, and these old towers of nature reel above the flood—then to bend here and pray must be awfully sublime. Certainly an Atheist in such a place would be more 'mad' than an 'undevout astronomer.'

In passing round this burial-place, you have a full view of the Potomac, and, continuing on, come again on the brow of the hill directly over the village, and in full view of the terrible gap through the mountain, which does not seem the work of water or time, but looks like the track an earthquake had left as it passed in its strength through the hills. This tremendous gorge is not strait but winding, as if the powers that once battled there had wavered in the conflict. It strongly reminded me of Byron's description commencing—

> 'Now where the quick Rhone cleaves its way between
> Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
> In hate, whose mining depths so intervene
> That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.'

At this point, you comprehend at a glance the process that may have occupied years in its fulfilment. The Potomac, after struggling through the mountains for a long time, and the Shenandoah, after coursing its way for a hundred miles along the Blue Ridge, here suddenly met and rushed into each other's stormy embrace. Fierce and short must have been their consultation before the frowning steep, ere with their united and accumulated waters they rushed against its rocky sides, and, rending a terrible path for themselves, broke through every barrier and stretched away in triumph to the ocean.

On one of the projecting precipices that stoop over this

chasm, some travellers have pretended to see a strong resemblance to the outline of General Washington's profile. For want of proper instruction, perhaps, I did not notice this rock. I should think Nature ought to have some monument erected for the noblest of her sons, and I could not conceive a more proper one than this, or a more appropriate place to fix it. Firm and unwavering as this cliff, he stood out a prominent figure by the side of a more fearful chasm. And as this beetling rock gazes calmly upon the flood rushing at its base, so he in after life looked down with a steady and approving smile on the waters of Liberty gushing joyous and free though turbulent at his feet. The loftiest mass of rocks is directly opposite the village, and is said to be one thousand feet high.

There is an Arsenal in this glen, and an Armory, which last is well worth the inspection of travellers. Jefferson says 'it is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see this spot;' and no doubt an enthusiastic admirer of Nature's rugged scenery would find himself richly recompensed for even that trouble.

CLEMENT.

For the New-Yorker.

## THE POOR FLOWER.

VICTOR HUGO.

The poor Flower to the Butterfly
Sighed "Love, fly not;
For when thou revelest through the sky,
I'm soon forgot.

Here far from selfish care we dwell,
Sweet love is ours;
And we are like, as poets tell—
We both are flowers.

Thou flittest free, but I to earth
Am chained, though fair,
With my breath I'd balm thy wings of mirth
In the blue air.

But thou art gone, my fickle love,
Pleased with each sweet;
And I must watch my shadow move
Lone 'round my feet.

The thought thou treat'st my love with scorn
My young heart sears;
And yet thou find'st me every morn
Bathed all in tears.

To dwell for ever in my sight,
Take root with me;
Or lend me wings, thou king of light,
To soar with thee.

FALCONER.

For the New-Yorker.

## BRITISH SKETCHES.—No. I.

When Ynys Prydian, or the isle of Britain, left defenceless by the Romans, was deluged with invading hordes of Saxons, many of the Britons retired to the mountain recesses of Cornubia (now Cornwall) for refuge. It was at the castle of Tintagel, on the northern shores of this province, that Arthur, the prince of chivalry, the hero of legendary song, and the glory of the Britons, was born. Though this land of Cornubia appears for the most part, to those who travel by the common roads, dreary, wild, and uninviting, yet it is to the lover of nature and antiquity highly interesting. Its lofty tors, whose proud heads are a resting-place for the wandering cloud—its dark brown craggy rocks and heathy wastes, where solitude dwells enshrined in mists and storms, are crowned with monumental piles of its earliest heroes, with the mountain sepulchres of its ancient kings and warriors—and eternal vestiges of the Druidical superstition and blood-stained rites of its primitive possessors are still visible in the numerous cromlechs, cairns, circles, rock-basons, and logan stones with which it abounds.

The fisheries and mines of Cornwall constitute its chief wealth, but the scenery in the neighborhood of the mines is cheerless and barren. No grove nor verdant mead can the weary eye find to repose on, but immense heaps of naked ore and rubbish cover the whole face of the surrounding country. But great is their antiquity, for they were frequented by the Phenicians, and afterwards by their descendants, the Carthaginians; nor did the Romans, after their conquest of Britain, neglect works of such high importance as the mines of Cornubia.

About three miles to the northward of Liskeard is the well of St. Clear, so famous in superstitious days for the wonderful sanative power possessed by its waters. The time has been when walls encompassed it about, and an ornamental dome of Gothic fretwork on sculptured pillars rose loftily o'er the sacred waters. Then were the gates, like those of Bethsaida's angel-troubled pool, thronged with crowds of valetudinarians and emaciated cripples, who pressed around the marble brim to taste the panacea wave, or bathe in the holy waters to be healed. But it is now lonely and unfrequented; its pillars are removed, and the walls become a heap of ruins, over whose nakedness Nature, as if in pity, has flung a verdant mantle of ivy.

Not far from this once celebrated spring are vestiges of a still remoter period—even the monuments of the days of Druidism. These consist of three circles of upright stones from three to five feet in height. Several of these rude pillars have been removed, but it is easy still to perceive that the centres of the circles were in a direct line. The peasantry believe that these stones were once men, and thus metamorphosed for hurling (that is, playing in circles with a ball) on the Sabbath. These venerable but rude relics of other days are therefore known by the name of 'the Hurlers.'—There is little doubt that on this spot once stood the *Maeny y Campian*, or Stone of the Games, and that these rock pillars formed the cirques of the British, erected for the exhibition of their ancient sports; where, as was the custom in the earlier ages, the chiefs stood each by his pillar to witness and applaud the manly exercises of the brave and athletic; and where the Eisteddfods, or sessions for deciding the merits of rival performers in the Celtic Olympics, were originally held.

Dr. Davis informs us that there were twenty-four British games; and Pennant says that ten of these games were called *Gwirgampau*, or manly games. Of these, six depended on bodily strength, and were styled *Tadogion*—that is, father games. The Greeks had their Pentathlum: the British had one more—1. Strength to raise weights; 2. Running; 3. Leaping; 4. Swimming; 5. Wrestling; 6. Riding. The remaining four manly games were called *O Rymarfau*, or what depended on skill in arms. These were—1. Archery; 2. Playing with the sword and buckler; 3. Playing with the two-handed sword; 4. Playing with the two-ended staff—which seems to correspond with the more modern quarter-staff. After these were the ten *Mabolgampau*, or juvenile games. They were—1. Coursing with the greyhound; 2. Fishing; 3. Fowling; 4. Poetical composition; 5. Playing on the harp; 6. Reading; 7. Singing a *Cywdd* between four, with accents; 9. Drawing of coats of arms; 10. Heraldry. The two last seem so congenial as to be unnecessarily separated.

Ye fragments of other ages, barbarous and warlike! ye pillars of antiquity, that have so long withstood unmoved the revolutions of times and seasons, and all the tempests that nature is heir to, while generation on generation hath passed away into utter oblivion, and their proudest monuments of art, the accumulated labor of years, that promised fair to be eternal, mouldered like their builders into dust!—While I lean against your storm-worn and rugged sides, wrapt in deep musings, the scenes of savage festivity that have been here witnessed in the days of old pass in bright visions before me. There sits on his seat of stone, in the midst of the circle, the Celtic king, with his diadem of ocean pearls, and his broad torque of pure gold. Around him stand the princes and elders of his people, with the Arch-Druid and his sacrificing priests, and bards having harps in their hands and clad in their azure and parti-colored robes. The nobly-born youth pass before the king, as candidates for the oaken garland of merit, in all the vigorous exercises of manly sport. The games have commenced: I see the wrestlers straining their brawny arms about each other:

'While to the grasp each manly body bends,
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows—sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell at each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.'

Here the gigantic warrior lifts the weighty stone and hurls it through the air; and there the youthful heroes, stately as the pine and lovely as the young myrtle tree, contend, 'the palm of swiftness to obtain.' See on the plain, beyond that tumulus, on which is set up the Stone of Remembrance—'some tomb perchance of old the dead to grace'—the chariots stand ready at the barrier as if in battle array. How the fiery steeds champ the bit, and plough the flowery turf with their shining hoofs, impatient to try their speed and rush in thunder towards the goal. Their charioteers are the sons of princes and the offspring of renowned chiefs; they burn with a desire to exert their skill, and pant to obtain the meed of victory—the envied prize of their warlike vocation.

'At once the coursers from the barrier bound,
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they send before,
And up the champaign thunder from the shore;
Thick where they drive the dusty clouds arise,
And the last courser in the whirlwind flies;
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground;
While, hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
Each o'er his flying courser hung in air,
Erect with ardor, poised upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.'

The noble son of Carmorna, the chief of the Carhangives, puts all his competitors at a distance, and becomes the envied victor. The aged father lifts his voice exultingly in joy. The youth is led towards the king, who binds around his brows the oaken wreath of renown, and places in his hand the golden prize of valor. The multitude raise the loud shout of congratulation, which rolls in thunder from the mountain logan to the cromlech on the heights of Trethevy.

Who are those within the further circus that lift against each other the two-handed sword of death! How the fire streams from the clashing steel! The chief of Tintagel and the young prince of the heroic house of Tregomer are met in mimic warfare to try the strength of their arms in combat, and their skill in the use of the dreadful brand of slaughter.

But I soon turned from the scene of furious strife to objects far more pleasing. I looked forward, and saw in the centre circle, standing before the king, his chiefs, and the Arch-Druid, a company of youthful bards. The signal was given, and the British minstrels struck their harps in unison so divinely sweet that my soul was ravished with exquisite delight. Then arose a bard fair and blooming as the summer morn; his long amber locks streamed like a golden banner on the winds; over his cheek spread the glow of enthusiastic imagination, and from his dark blue eyes darted the rays of genius like the early sunbeams through the sapphire clouds of the East. He swept the sounding strings of his lyre, and sung a wild tale of love and chivalry.

The bard ended,—and as the king was about to adorn him with a chaplet of oak interwoven with flowers, I was aroused from my reverie by the companion of my pilgrimage; when the scene I had been contemplating vanished before me as a dream of the night, and all around was dreariness and solitude.

ROGVALD.

For the New-Yorker.

## LINES

On seeing a ring bearing the motto "Forget me not."

Say, bright memento, does thy owner need
Thy simple caution given!—Must ye alone
Bring back the hours, past hours of social joy;
And interchange of thoughts 'twixt friend and friend?
Nay, 'tis not thus,—this triumph is not thine.
On Memory's page indelibly inscribed,
Are former friends, and hopes of bliss, and tears,
Bright schemes of happiness, and tender ties;
And there too is a *name*, a cherish'd name,
No change can e'er efface. But, glittering toy,
Ye tell the last request, the earnest wish,
Of one now far away;—for this thou'rt prized.

CALISTA.

Anecdote of Admiral Cornwallis.—I remember a curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion, in the West Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern, which they contrived should be blown into the stern-gallery. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight should they come into the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned the hands up, and thus addressed them: "So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight if we meet the French; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough." They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better. Capt. Brenton's Naval History of England.

Church and State.—"You must be careful, or you will get the cholera," said a parson, a few days since, to a disciple of Bacchus. "Don't tell me such stuff," said he, "I understand all about it: this *cholera* is a plan of the priests to unite church and state!"

For the New-Yorker.

## "O WHEN WILT THOU RETURN!"

"Come back, come back, there is sorrow and gloom
On my spirit now thou art away!

I.

O WHEN wilt thou return,
To the friends who love thee best;
To her whose heart doth yearn
Again to find its rest?
To her whose thirsting ear
For thy footsteps long hath listened—
In whose watchful eye the tear
For thy coming oft hath glistened?

II.

But when wilt thou return?
O I have called thee long;
Though no answer back is borne
To love's language deep and strong:
Must my spirit's thrilling cry
By thee remain unheeded?
Wilt thou leave the flower to die
When the cult'rer's hand is needed?—

III.

O when wilt thou return,
With that soft and smiling eye,
Which is treasured in the urn
Of my heart's deep memory?
With that kind of living tone,
Which once made my life all gladness,
And which o'er my thought had thrown
A spell—now turned to sadness!

IV.

But when wilt thou return?
Still is my prayer for thee;
Still at dewy eve and morn
I bless my memory;
Still I keep thy wonted seat
At the board and hearth beside me,
With fresh flow'rs thine eye to greet,
And a welcome to betide thee!

V.

O when wilt thou return?
I call thee once again—
By the quenchless thoughts that burn
In the heart and on the brain—
By my watchings long and lone,
By my prayers that nought might stay thee—
By the true love to *thee* known—
Return, return, I pray thee!

STELLA.

For the New-Yorker.

## THE MOON!

WHEN Herschel's (pretended) discoveries in the moon reached Paris, they were translated and printed with many additions in a thin octavo volume, and afterwards in all the forms known to the modern bibliopole. The Members of the Academy of Science, and I believe even Arago himself, were about to caution the public against the duplicity of the said discoveries of the star-gazing Scotchman, but they thought the absurdity of the thing (particularly as the translator in his addenda had failed to preserve the simple philosophical language of the original, and had let his fancy run riot) would prevent any one being imposed upon. But here they were out of their reckoning, for all Paris was in a bother-ation the second day after the appearance of the said pamphlet. Where had it come from?—How had the news arrived, seeing the journals had not got an inkling of it beforehand? &c. were questions bandied about on all sides.—Telescopes were daringly pointed at the sheepish-faced moon from the corner of every street, to the great edification of the populace, and the enrichment of sundry ragged pockets, *hole*-y if not hallowed by neglected genius. I wonder the poor ladye-moon, so timid as she is, did not fly away in a fright from such a galaxy of eyes of all hues, sexes and sizes; but, faithful to her post, she returned each night in full-orbed purity to be gazed at by each and all for two-pence a head. There you might see some fat, double-chinned grocer, early in the morning, with an amber-bead of tobacco decoction glistening like a dew-drop from his lustrous nose, holding forth to some gaping customers of the poorer orders, early risers like himself, on the 'Wondrous Discoveries in the Moon;' while every now and then he would tap his box like a woodpecker, and declare that 'nothing surprised him now: first it was beet-root sugar was all the cry—then cockchafer oil—next discoveries in the moon—Egad! they may strike a railroad to it—no saying—and do away with oil and candle-light,' &c.

I remember one day, after sitting for two whole hours in the Champ de Mars to see a balloon go up, (which had been going up for a month past,) overhearing the following question popped by a blushing Parisienne to her country cousin no doubt: "How far up do you think the moon?" "At least a league," was the laconic and assured reply. "See," added the scientific youth, "see! it can't be more, for yon little pilot balloon is mounting above her!"—This is a fact, and was not, as may be supposed, said in joke—showing how extremely ignorant the working and even the middle classes of the French generally are, however well they sometimes manage to conceal their vacuity of mind by gabble. Verily, saith the scribbler, knowledge here is like the beams of the matin sun, which tinge the tops of the forest-trees with rich gold but leave the lowly shrubs in darkness or at least in the dimness of twilight: let us hope it will not be so at noon.—Can we wonder, then, that the worthy Parisians were so generally gulled by the said discoveries?

It was an unlucky lithographic sketch that opened the eyes of the wiseacres of the Faubourgs—for it will not be supposed that it deceived any of the really educated or the Editors of any of the daily papers, who laughed at the joke *gorge deployée*, and declared that the author deserved a masterly caning with a choice hazel-rod. Many songs were written on the subject, (the French make songs on every thing,—on the birth of a suckling or the death of a lap-dog,) of which the following may serve as a specimen, though it hardly pays the trouble of a translation:

### MY MOON.

DEDICATED TO —— HERSCHELL, ESQ.

EACH night upon our lunar vale
A thundering tube was carried, sirs,
And much I feared my neighbors might
Or I myself be wearied, sirs.

This tube, yclept a telescope,
Possessed such wond'rous power, sirs,
That they could have a peep at us
Almost an any hour, sirs.

Then spread I soon my good bat wings
And sought their world sublunar,
Much wondering how the cunning thought
Had tickled me no sooner.

For much I longed to craze the brain
Of the audacious mortal
Who oped to each all-curious eye
Our moon's mysterious portal.

Our star-gazers are very wise,
Almost as are your sages;
The sparks of your cigars we took
For burning mounts, for ages.

The stench of your tobacco smoke
Disgusts me with your Earth, sirs;
I'm off for my own Moon again,
The pure Isle of my birth, sirs.

Paris, July 29, 1836. W. F.

SMUGGLING ANECDOTE.—On the road between Hamburgh and Altona there were, during the existence of the restrictive system (of Napoleon against English goods,) several sand-pits, from which the streets of the former city were usually repaired. It having been noticed that one of the principal streets was in this situation, the smugglers, during the night, filled the sand-pits with brown sugar, which resembled the sand sufficiently in color. The sugar was next day put into small carts that conveyed the sand: the load was covered over with paper, and a layer of sand some inches thick was laid over the whole! The searching rods of douaniers easily penetrated to the bottom, they saw nothing but sand; and the trade went on merrily. The street, as may be imagined, continued long under repair; and it was only from its remaining so long in an unfinished state that the clever trick was at last discovered.

Strang's Germany in 1831.

POLITE FIRMNESS.—A story which Sheridan was fond of telling, was, that Lord John Townsend having won a good deal of money at Brooke's, he, Sheridan, (who never played himself,) and Gen. Fitzpatrick, agreed to rob him on his way home. Upon stopping Lord John's chair for that purpose, the Irish chairman said, "Sure we know your honor mighty well, Mr. Sheridan, and have a great regard for your honor, but we cannot allow you to rob my Lord while he is in our custody." "Now," Sheridan used to remark, "I am at a loss to say which I was most flattered by, their affection for my person, or their opinion of my honesty."

Gentleman's Mag.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.—We find in the Federal of Geneva of the 15th July the following account of an ascent of Mont Blanc, made on the 7th and 8th of that month by Mr. Alfred Waddington:

"Mr. W. set out from Chamonix on the 7th, at a quarter past six in the morning, accompanied by six guides, three volunteers, and five assistants—14 persons in all. The weather was fine, the mountain without clouds, and the barometer at 27-10 inches.

"The travellers arrived without difficulty at the Glacier des Bessens, where the assistants left them to return to Chamonix. They then traversed this difficult glacier with the usual precautions, and arrived at the rock of the Grands Mulets at a quarter past one. It was there they were to pass the night. This rock, as is well known, is the last on the route to the summit that offers any shelter; it is in a pyramidal form, about 400 feet high, and has, about 50 feet below its top, a ledge 15 feet long and 4½ feet wide, capable of holding seven or eight men, lying close to each other, their feet touching or hanging over the edge of the precipice. At four o'clock, a thick mist and clouds, followed by thunder and hail, covered the rock, and hid the travellers from the sight of the inhabitants and visitors of Chamonix, who were occupied in following their movements with telescopes.

"After having passed the first part of the night on this spot, amidst great cold and wind, and continually awakened by the noise of avalanches and the cracking of glaciers, they started for the summit at three in the morning. At this moment the valley beneath was covered with clouds, and resembled a sea of snow surrounding the highest peaks, as the Brevent, the Rochers de Salles, &c. which formed, as it were, islands in it. Far off, in the direction of Uijon, an immense pyramid seemed to rise from the middle of the plain, and at the moment of the sun rising projected its shadow to the west over an extent of apparently 20 leagues. A little after, the horizon grew clear, the clouds grouped round the tops of the mountains, and Mont Blanc uncovered itself, and showed its summit glittering in the sun.

"At length, at ten minutes to six, the travellers were seen in a file, and like little black specks on the snow, attaining the Little Plateau; while at this moment there was not a visitor nor inhabitant of Chamonix that was not endeavoring to follow with his telescope the march of the travellers in those difficult regions. At a quarter past six, the travellers attained the Grand Plateau, where they breakfasted. Their provisions were frozen. There they began to feel the painful sensations described by the persons who have been at the summit of Mont Blanc, and the consequences of which undermined the constitution of De Saussure. The barometer had descended to nearly 16 instead of 28 inches, at which it had stood in the valley; respiration became more difficult, pains in the chest, shootings in the head, sickness, giddiness, and excessive weakness, rendered walking exceedingly painful; and to this was added the course along precipices of ice almost perpendicular, in which steps had to be cut with the axe one by one.

"At length, at a quarter past ten, the travellers gained the summit. Part of the guides descended almost immediately, but Mr. Waddington and two other persons remained there an hour and a quarter to make some interesting observations. They were, however, in a high state of fever, their pulses being at 105, and even more.

"The descent was very fatiguing, on account of the snow having been softened by the sun. At six in the evening, the travellers arrived at the Pierre de l'Echelle and the Chalet des Pelerins. Some Englishmen had gone there to congratulate their fellow-countrymen. At nine o'clock, the whole party arrived at Chamonix, amidst the salutations of all the visitors and inhabitants, who went out to receive them with flambeaux, and welcomed their arrival by discharges of cannon.

"This expedition is one of the most successful that has been made; it occupied two days only, and was not attended by any serious accident. One of the guides had a foot frozen, and two others their noses; all had sharp pains in their eyes, but no one's health suffered materially."

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A gentleman was coming to this city from New-York, some days ago, when he happened to get a spark from the locomotive engine into his eye. He tried various means to remove it, but all to no purpose; the spark remained in his eye, and gave him very great pain. Coming on board the steamboat at Burlington, such was the pain he suffered, that the accident became known to the passengers generally, and finally reached the ears of the engineer of the boat, who taking a horse hair with him went to the cabin and sought the sufferer. "Are you the gentleman," said he, "who has got a spark in your eye?" Being answered in the affirmative, "well, I am the man that can take it out:" whereupon he simply formed a kind of loop of the horse hair, by bending it round and bringing the two ends together, when raising the eye-lid and inserting the loop between it and the ball, and then letting the lid fall again, he drew the hair out, and with it the little cause of the great pain. The gentleman was at once relieved. This is a very simple way of removing whatever may have got into the eye, and it will be well for every body to remember it.

Philadelphia paper.

From Miss Twamley's Romance of Nature.

### LOVE AND THE THISTLE.

As Cupid was flying about one day,
With the flowers and zephyrs in wanton play,
He 'spied in the air,
Floating here and there,
A winged seed of the Thistle flower,
And merrily chased it from bower to bower.

And young Love cried to his playmates, "See,
I've found the true emblem flower for me,
For I am as light
In my wavering flight
As this feathery flower of soft Thistle-down,
Which by each of you zephyrs about is blown.

See how from a Rose's soft warm blush
It flies to be caught in a bramble-bush;
And oft as do I,
In my wanderings, hie
From beauty to those who have none I trow;
Reckless as Thistle-down, on I go."

So the sly little god still flits away,
'Mid Earth's loveliest flow'rets, day by day;
And oh! maidens fair,
Ne'er weep nor care
When his light wings waft beyond your power,
Think—'tis only the down of the thistle-flower!

## Letters from Mr. Brooks.—No. XCII.

FLORENCE, November, 1835.

I AM afraid I shall weary you, if I take you among the Churches of Florence, for I am weary myself of entering them. But the Church of the *Annunziata* at least, must be visited for the purpose of seeing the celebrated fresco of the *Madonna del Sacco*, by Andrea del Sarto, which is his master-piece, and upon which, it is said, Michael Angelo and Titian gazed with unceasing pleasure. It is now so ruined, that but little of this pleasure will be felt. It is said that the author of this beautiful work executed it for a sack of corn in time of famine, and hence its name of *the sack*. The Chapel of the Medici must also be seen, if only for the purpose of observing how much money may be spent in the decoration of a single room. This Chapel was begun in 1604, but this mausoleum of the Tuscan Princes is not finished yet, and millions of Tuscan Paoli must yet be expended before it can be, after the sumptuous plan. The building is octangular, and the walls are beautifully incrusted with almost every kind of precious marble. Six sides of the octagon are embellished with sarcophagi of Egyptian and oriental granite, made after the designs of Michael Angelo, and two of them are enriched with cushions of red jasper, which bear regal crowns of immense value. The sarcophagi are mere ornaments, the bodies of the Princes being placed perpendicularly under them, in a subterranean repository. If this Chapel is ever finished according to the plan, it will be the richest room on earth. Its weight in gold would hardly pay for it. Twenty millions of francs, I was told, have already been expended upon it, and yet the costliest parts do not yet seem to be touched, such as the high altar, and the decorations of the dome. Slabs of jasper, and the lapis lazzuli yet to come, must be as precious as gold.

The Laurentian Library has many curiosities in it, which a scholar will see with pleasure. In a glass case there, are the Pandects of Justinian, compiled by that Emperor in the year 530, and established as the Roman code, and which may now be said to be the basis of modern civil law. They were found, it is said, in 1137, in a barrel at Amalfi. The oldest manuscript of Virgil extant, is also here, with the notes of a Roman Consul of the fifth century in it. A Horace with Petrarch's hand writing in it, and notes, with portraits of himself and his passion, Laura, and a complete copy of Terence's six Plays, written throughout by Boccaccio, in a beautiful hand, are among the curiosities. In a small crystal case, is preserved the finger of Galileo, directed upwards, as if pointing to the Heavens whose laws he studied and revealed to the world. The sacristy of the Church of St. Lawrence must not be forgotten, for it was designed by Michael Angelo, and in it are the famous statues of Day and Night, and Morn and Twilight; but Michael Angelo, if I may assume to be a judge, has found it difficult to put such aerial creations as Day and Night, and Morn and Twilight into marble.

There are a hundred other things to be seen in such a city as Florence, in the scenery of which there is an instruction, when in the description there is none. The National Palace is a structure which will strike the traveller's attention as something extraordinary in architecture—of the ancient Etruscan and the Grecian style. Among the groups in marble around it, is David slaying Goliah, by Michael Angelo. The Palace of the Grand Duke is adorned with an equestrian statue of Cosmo I., in bronze, by the famous artist John of Bologna, who, has represented the Grand Duke as entering Florence in triumph, after the conquest of Sienna. The Magliabechian Library is worth visiting, if it be only to see the place where presided that greatest of all book-men, Magliabechi. Some tower or some high dome must be mounted then, to see Florence and its environs, and its beautiful Arno, that flows through 'a land of milk and honey.' The truth of Ariosto's poetry will then rush upon the observer's mind, as he sees the valley so full of villas and little hills, as to seem to be sprinkled with decorations as a gallery is with paintings or with statues. Cold as the winds are now from the Appenines, and forbidding as Winter in its coming, nevertheless I can see how beautiful man has made a valley that nature has beautified, for in Europe one is often tempted to reverse in part the poet's language, and to say that man has made the country as well as the town—so much has the hand of man added to its beauty.

But if Florence is cold in early winter, Florence is almost the only habitable city in Italy, for an American at least, who loves a little liberty, and who abhors the restraints of police, and their soldiery. The Grand Duke does every thing to attract strangers here, by making all under him civilized, polite, and agreeable, and by opening all that is public, free for public inspection—while in the other cities of Italy, dogs as surly as Cerberus often stand at the doors, and block up every pass-way. The police at Florence is filled by men as polite as ever graced a royal saloon, and unlike the savages that keep a man crouching and bowing in Rome, with his hat off and his head erect, and his eyes cast down, as a Satyr is to the Apollo. A despotism as the government is, yet there is a grace and a suavity in it, that not only attach a stranger, but even the subjects to the despot; and no where in Tuscany did I hear a word uttered against the Duke, while elsewhere, Kings and Dukes, and Cardinals and Popes, all in authority in short, are denounced and cursed, whenever their victims are certain of the ear they address. Florence gains much by this civility, for strangers love to make long stops here, and they spend much money thus—in having the world as tributary to its galleries of the arts. The country is prosperous, and the people look happy, and one feels happier there himself, than in other places where filth and misery beset one's every step. Besides, Florence is one of the cheapest cities of Italy to live in. Rooms and lodgings are cheap. Provisions are cheap and good. Sixty cents will give a man a dinner at a hotel that a gourmand might covet, with wine, and fowls, and game, and fish. For a dollar a day, he can live as well as a man need live, and far better than one can live in America for the like sum of money; and yet he can spend as many dollars as he chooses. Hence English families reside here in crowds. Russians and Germans make it their home. Americans love to tarry long. Indeed it is the only city in Italy where a man can live, and be 'at home.' The people as a mass, are a hundred per cent. better off than any others whom I have seen in Italy. One learns from this, that even a despotic government may be good, when well administered, though I am far from saying with Pope—

> "For forms of government let fools contest,
> That which is best administer'd is best"—

as this good government depends upon the caprice or the life of a despot; but it teaches us at least this lesson—that it is not so much the form of government that makes a people happy, as the proper administration of it. Thus pleased with Florence, this *La Bella Firenze*, as the Italians justly call it, I am sorry that I could not visit it before I felt the fatigues of night overcoming me:—and though I cannot recommend its climate to the American consumptive who is seeking his health in an Italian clime, yet I can recommend its beauties, its arts, its rulers, and all that is in it, to him who is so happy as I am, as to be able to journey without reference to its winds, or snows, or ice, and who seeks instruction in other lands, so as to enjoy the more his own, the best of all, when he returns to the bosom of his friends.

B.

'ASTORIA.'—A new work thus entitled from the pen of Washington Irving, is on the eve of publication by Carey, Lee & Blanchard, Philadelphia. Of its manner we need not speak, either prospectively or otherwise; its matter will be understood by the following extract from the Introduction:

"In the course of occasional visits to Canada many years since, I became intimately acquainted with some of the principal partners of the great North-West Fur Company, who at that time lived in genial style at Montreal, and kept almost open house for the stranger. At their hospitable boards I occasionally met with partners, and clerks, and hardy fur traders from the interior posts; men who had passed years remote from civilized society, among distant and savage tribes, and who had wonders to recount of their wide and wild peregrinations, their hunting exploits, and their perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes among the Indians. I was at an age when the imagination lends its coloring to every thing, and the stories of these Sinbads of the wilderness made the life of a trapper and fur trader a perfect romance to me. I even meditated at one time a visit to the remote posts of the company, in the boats that annually ascended the lakes and rivers, being thereto invited by one of the partners: and I have ever since regretted that I was prevented by circumstances from carrying my intention into effect.

"About two years ago, not long after my return from a tour upon the prairies of the far west, I had a conversation with my friend, Mr. John Jacob Astor, relative to that portion of our country, and to the adventurous traders to Santa Fe on the Columbia. This led him to advert to a great enterprise set on foot and conducted by him, between twenty and thirty years since, having for its object to carry the fur trade across the Rocky Mountains, and to sweep the shores of the Pacific.

"Finding that I took an interest in the subject, he expressed a regret that the true nature and extent of his enterprise, and its national character and importance had never been understood, and a wish that I would undertake to give an account of it. The suggestion struck upon the chord of early associations, already vibrating in my mind. It occurred to me that a work of this kind might comprise a variety of those curious details, so interesting to me, illustrative of the fur trade; of its remote and adventurous enterprizes, and of the various people, and tribes and castes, and characters civilized and savage, affected by its operations. The journals, and letters also, of the adventurers by sea and land, employed by Mr. Astor in his comprehensive project, might throw light upon portions of our country quite out of the track of ordinary travel, and as yet but little known. I therefore felt disposed to undertake the task, provided documents of sufficient extent and minuteness could be furnished to me.

"The work I here present to the public, is necessarily of a rambling and somewhat disjointed nature, comprising various exhibitions and adventures by land and sea. The facts, however, will prove to be linked and banded together by one grand scheme, devised and conducted by a master spirit: one set of characters, also continues throughout, appearing occasionally, though sometimes at long intervals, and the whole enterprise winds up by a regular catastrophe; so that the work, without any labored attempt at artificial construction, actually possesses much of that unity so much sought after in works of fiction, and considered so important to the interest of every history."

THE ELEPHANT.—The elephant would seem more comfortably situated than most animals. He has water to bathe in, mud to stick in, and an area many times bigger than himself for his circuit. Very interesting is it to see him throw bits of mud over himself, and to see, and *hear* him, suck the water up in his trunk and then discharge it into his great red throat; in which he also receives, with sage amenity, the biscuits of the ladies. Certainly, the more one considers an elephant, the more he makes good his claim to be considered the Doctor Johnson of the brute creation. He is huge, potent, sapient, susceptible of tender impressions, is a good fellow, likes as much water as the other did tea, gets on at a great uncouth rate when he walks, and though perhaps less irritable and melancholy, can take a witty revenge; as witness the tailor who pricked him, and whom he drenched with ditch water. If he were suddenly gifted with speech, and we asked him if he liked his imprisonment, the first words he would utter would unquestionably be—"Why, no, sir." Nor is it to be doubted, when going to dinner, that he would echo the bland sentiment of our illustrious metropolitan, on a like occasion, "Sir, I like to dine." If asked his opinion of his keeper, he would say, "Why, sir, Hipkins is, upon the whole, 'a good fellow,'—like myself, sir, *(smiling,)* but not quite so considerate; he knows I love him, and presumes a little too much upon my forbearance. He teazes me for the idle amusement of the bystanders. Sir, Hipkins takes the display of allowance for the merit of ascendancy."

This is what the elephant manifestly thought on the present occasion; for the keeper set a little dog at him, less to the amusement of the bystanders than he fancied; and the noble beast, after butting the cur out of the way, and taking care to spare him, as he advanced, (for one tread of his foot would have smashed the little pertinacious wretch as flat as a pancake,) suddenly made a stop, and, in rebuke of both of them, uttered a high indignant scream, much resembling a score of cracked trumpets.

Visit to the Zoological Institute, by Leigh Hunt.

RETALIATION.—There are many ways of resenting an injury. Such as spitting in a man's face; chopping off his dog's tail; upsetting his crib; hoisting his horse into your garret; or pulling up his watermelon vines. But an old lady in a neighboring town has displayed a more sublime and enlarged taste in the science of revenge. A woman had reported something about her, which might be true, and might not. Instead of assailing her with the tongue or broom stick, as is usual in such cases, the injured lady immediately ordered a large two story outhouse which stood in her yard to be moved up directly against her quarrelsome neighbors' windows—said windows overlooking the yard. The old lady assisted in moving the building, and by her inspiring cries contributed greatly to accelerate the work. In a few hours all the windows on one side of the gossip's house was completely darkened and the surprised inhabitants were obliged to light a candle at noonday.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The first Lord Littleton was very absent in company, and when he fell into a river, by the oversetting of a boat, at Hagley, it was said of him that he had "sunk twice before he recollected that he could swim."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.

## THE BIRTH OF THE FAIRY.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON, ESQ.

The moonlight gleamed o'er Lanark fell,
The dew stood in the heather bell,
The gowan had closed its fringe of snow,
The broom its leaves of golden glow;
The hare was crouched in her grassy lair,
And the lark in its nest of fondest care;
The bee in its cell (of ceaseless sound,)
Of the ragged roots of the moss tree ground;
Silence was over hill and plain,
The world seem'd love without Sin's stain.

On Tintock's top, in a rose's breast,
A Zephyr had sought his balmy rest;
Deep, deep in its leaves of rosy hue,
He had folded his wings of tiny blue,
And pillowed him soft in the fragrant cell,
As it rock'd in the night wind's breezy swell.
Sweetly he slumbered, deeming no guile,
When a star-tear fell with holy smile,
And kissing the Zephyr in couch so fair,
Changed him to form of beauty rare.

Bright as the hour when sun and dew,
Calls forth the flow'ret's richest hue,
So brightly burst the rose's cell,
At the sound of the mountain spirit's spell.
Oh! light was the form of the gossamer's wing,
That sprang from the rose's blossoming;
Red, red were its cheeks, and its eyes did shine,
Like the flashing gems of the diamond's mine;
Gold was the bloom of the being's hair
As it waved on the wings of the midnight air.

Music came from hill and lea,
From river, lake, and pathless sea;
Flow'rets oped their breasts of bloom,
And countless stars did Heaven illume.
High soared the lark in the midnight sky,
And hailed the morn like the morning's eye;
And away the being winged its flight,
Through the starry realms of the boundless night,
While the voice of the mountain spirit came,
Hailing its Fairy sprite by name!

From the London New Monthly for August.

## THE BRIDE OF LINDORF.

BY L. E. L.

Midnight is a wonderful thing in a large city—and midnight was upon Vienna. The shops were closed, the windows darkened, and the streets deserted—strange that where so much of life was gathered together there could be such deep repose; yet nothing equals the stillness of a great town at night. Perhaps it is the contrast afforded by memory that makes this appear yet more profound. In the lone valley, and in the green forest, there is quiet even at noon—quiet, at least, broken by sounds belonging alike to day and night. The singing of the bee and the bird, or the voice of the herdsman carolling some old song of the hills—these may be hushed; but there is still the rustle of the leaves, the wind murmuring in the long grass, and the low perpetual whisper of the pine. But in the town—the brick and mortar have no voices of their own. Nature is silent—her soft, sweet harmonies are hushed in the great human tumult—man, and man only, is heard. Through many hours of the twenty-four, the ocean of existence rolls on with a sound like thunder—a thousand voices speak at once. The wheels pass and repass over the stone—music, laughter, anger, the words of courtesy and of business, mingle together—the history of a day is the history of all time. The annals of life but repeat themselves. Vain hopes, vainer fears, feverish pleasure, passionate sorrow, crime, despair, and death—these make up the eternal records of Time's dark chronicle. But the hurried life has its pauses—once in the twenty-four come a few hours of rest and silence.

Vienna was now still as the grave whose darkness hung over a few lamps swung dimly to and fro, and a few dark shadows—which the crimes of men make needful. The weary watchers of the night paced with slow and noiseless steps the gloomy streets. God knows that many of those hushed and darkened houses might have many a scene of waking care within—many a pillow might be but a place of unrest for the aching head—still the outward seeming of all was repose.

One house, and one only, obeyed not the general law. It was a magnificent hotel in the largest square, and was obviously the scene of a splendid fête. Light and music streamed from the windows, the court-yard was filled with equipages, and a noisy crowd—part servants, part spectators—thronged the gates. Within, all was pomp and gaiety. The Countess von Hermanstadt was unrivalled in her fêtes. She knew how to give them—a knowledge very few possess. The generality labor under the delusion, that when they have lighted and filled their rooms, they have done their all. They never were more in error. Lighting is much—crowding is much also—but there lacks 'something more exquisite still.' This something the countess possessed in its perfection. Any can assemble a crowd, but few can make it mingle. But Madame von Hermanstadt had a skill which a diplomatist might have studied. She saw—she heard everything; she knew who would and who would not understand each other; she caught at a glance the best position for one lady's velvets, and for the diamonds of another; she never interrupted those who were engaged—she never neglected those who were not; she took care that great people should be amused, and little people astonished. Moreover, she had an object in whatever she did—hence the incentive of interest was added to the pride of art.

The ball of to-night was given in honor of Pauline von Lindorf, her niece, who had just left the convent of St. Therese; her education, as it is called, completed—that education which is but begun. How many cares—how much sorrow will it take to give the stern and bitter education of actual life! Pauline had just finished a waltz, having pleaded fatigue sooner than might have been expected from a foot so light—a form so fairy-like. She wore a robe of white satin, trimmed with swansdown; large pearls looped back the folds, and a band of diamonds scarcely restrained the bright hair that fell over her neck and shoulders in a thousand natural ringlets. It was of that rare rich golden so seldom seen—almost transparent, like rain with the sunbeams shining through it. At the first glance, that slight and graceful girl—with the rose on her cheek a little flushed by exercise, her glittering curls falling round her, golden as those of Hope—might have seemed the very ideal of youth and pleasure; so much for the first glance, and how few go beyond! But whose had looked closer would have seen that the soft red on the cheek was feverish; and there was that tremulous motion of the lip which bespeaks a heart ill at ease. At first she was looking down, and the long shadow of the curled eyelash rested on the rounded cheek; but there was something in the expression of the eyes, when raised, that caught even the most careless passer-by. They were large—unusually large—and of that violet blue which so rarely outlasts the age of childhood, while they wore that wild and melancholy look whose shadows have a character of fate;—they are omens of the heart.

It was growing late, and a furtive gaze of the young baroness wandered more and more frequent round the rooms, and each time sought the ground with a deeper shade of disappointment. The Countess von Hermanstadt observed the look, and her own haughty brow curved with a scarcely perceptible frown. It was smoothed away instantly; and passing with a bland smile through the assembled groups, she left the ball-room.

The upper part of the magnificent house was in darkness, but in one window burned a still and lonely lamp. It lighted a small chamber sufficiently removed from the scene of the festival to be quite undisturbed by its tumult, though a distant sound of music floated in, ever and anon, at the open window. The chamber was pannelled with old carved oak, and the arches thus formed were filled with books. Books, too, of all sizes, were piled on the ground, and papers and writing materials covered a table in the middle. There were also some pictures: a sombre landscape of Salvator Rosa—just a desolate rock, grey and barren, standing out amid old dark trees, where many a branch was bare with the lightning's fiery visiting. Beneath them stood a single figure—pale, bareheaded, with long black hair that had not yet lost the motion of the wind. He looked what he was—an outlaw; the blood which he had shed, yet warm upon his hand, and his foot yet quivering with its flight for life or death. Near this was a dark, grave portrait by Velasques: one of those faces whereon time has written the lesson of the prophet king—'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Others were scattered round, but all more or less of a sombre character, and marking the taste of their possessor. He was a young man of some twenty-two years of age. The richness of part of his costume ill suited the apparently studious recluse; but the task of dressing had been hastily suspended. He had flung a loose robe of sable around him, and leaned back in a large arm-chair, thinking of any thing but the festival for which he had begun to prepare. His eye sometimes dwelt on an old history of chivalry, whose silver clasps lay open before him—sometimes on the last sparks of the fire that was dying away on the hearth, but oftener on a copy of a well known Italian picture, the portrait of Beatrice Cenci.

"Yes," said he, half aloud, "a few links bring all life before us: here is adventure—excitement—the toil and the triumph of the body. I wish I had been born in those stirring times—life spent half on horseback, half at the banquet board—when you had but to look round the tournament, fix on the brightest smile, and then win your lady with your sword. Action—action in the sunshine—passion—but little feeling, and less thought: such was meant to be our existence. But we refine—we sadden and we subdue—we call up the hidden and evil spirits of the inner world—we wake from their dark repose those who will madden us. The heart is like the wood on yonder flickering hearth: green and fresh, haunted by a thousand sweet odors, bathed in the warm air, and gladdened by the summer sunshine—so grew it at first upon its native soil. But nature submitteth to art, and man has appointed for it another destiny: it is gathered, and cast into the fire. It seems, then, as if its life had but just begun. A new spirit has crept into the kindled veins—a brilliant light dances around it—it is bright—it is beautiful—and it is consumed! What remains?—A warmth on the atmosphere soon passing away, and a heap of blackened ashes! What more will remain of the heart?"

At this moment a burst of sudden flame sprung up from the mouldering embers, and fell with singular effect on the wan and lovely likeness of Beatrice Cenci. "Why does that face haunt me?" exclaimed the youth. "Why, when others younger and brighter are near, does it glide between them and me like a shadow? I remember finding it as a child in the old deserted gallery. I loved it then, I know not why—save that it brought to my memory a face I fancy watched my sleep when I was a little child. I recollect a large, dark room—a bed whose gloomy curtains were drawn aside—and some one bent over me and kissed me. I put my arms around her neck, and went to sleep, for I had been afraid. She came every night then; but my memory is faint and confused—I can recall nothing more. How beautiful is that picture, with its clear, colorless cheek—with the imperial brow, and the large black eyes filled with melancholy tenderness! Holy Madonna, what a destiny was hers!—A childhood whose sweetest affections were crushed! I can fancy the little pale trembler crouching beneath her angry father's fierce eyes; and at last, as if those soft eyes grew desperate gazing on their slain, who shall say what madness of despair led to the fearful crime—avenging one yet more fearful? Why do I keep it here? It makes me sad—too sad!" And he turned aside, and leant his head upon his hand.

Ernest, for such was the young student's name, was singularly handsome: but it was the heart and the mind that gave their own nameless charm. The heart sent the flushed crimson to the cheek—the mind lighted up the clear white forehead, around which darkened the blackest hair: that deep black hair whose comparisons are all so gloomy, the poet likens it to midnight—to the shadow of the grave—to the tempest—to the raven's wing. Brought from the south, our cold climes just serve to dash the passionate temperament which it indicates with the despondency and the reverie of our sad and misty skies. All women would have called him interesting—the woman who loved him would have called him beautiful. Had the word fascinating never been used before, it would have been invented for him. Like all of his susceptible organization, Ernest was very variable: sometimes the life of society, with every second word an epigram; at others, grave and absorbed—no stimulus, no flattery could rouse him to animation. His intimate, his very few intimate friends, said that nothing could exceed his eloquence in graver converse: carried away by his feelings, how could he help being eloquent? He was made of all nature's most dangerous ingredients: he thought deeply—he felt acutely; and for such this world has neither resting-place nor contentment.

The door of Ernest's chamber suddenly opened, and its threshold was crossed by a step that certainly had never crossed it before. Stately and slow, as usual, the Countess von Hermanstadt just raised her robe with an air of utter disdain, as she swept by the heavy folios that lay scattered on the ground.

"What! not dressed yet, Ernest?—Certainly the Count von Hermanstadt is well employed, sitting there like a moonstruck dreamer. Pray, am I to have the honor of a poet or a painter, or,"—added she, pointing sneeringly to a volume of planetary signs that lay open at her feet—"or even an astrologer, as my son?"

Ernest colored, and rose hastily from his seat. "I do so hate," said he, "those crowds where no one cares for the other; where"——

"No one," interrupted the Countess, "can be so great a simpleton as yourself. Who, in a crowd or elsewhere, will care about one whom they never see? What friends will you ever make in this little, miserable room? The Archduke Charles has twice inquired after you. I managed as well as I could; but I really have something else to do to-night than just to make excuses for you."

"Ah! my mother, you cannot think how unfitted I am for the mock gaiety of to-night. Let me stay where I am."

"Nonsense!—Why, there has been your pretty cousin waiting, till I forbade it, to dance with you. I left her waltzing with Prince Louis."

"The less need of me."

"Nay, my dear child!" said his mother, in those caressing tones she well knew how to assume, "think what a slight it will be to our guests if you do not appear; and so many old friends of our house among them. I want assistance. Come, Ernest, would you be the only son in Vienna who would refuse his mother the slight favor of appearing at a ball which is given to introduce him to old friends, whom she at least loves and values?"

Ernest rose hastily and silently from his seat. "I will be there almost as soon as yourself," exclaimed he; and indeed the Countess had hardly resumed her place at the upper end of the room, before she saw her son enter, and noted with delight, hidden under an air of proud humility, his graceful and high-born bearing. "He is odd, reserved and studious," thought she; "but I shall make something of him yet."

But one eye, and one ear, was yet quicker than her own. Pauline was the first to see her cousin enter. She hastily turned aside, and began to be very much interested in

some Bengal roses that stood beside; but her sigh was as soft, and almost as low, as their own, and her blush was still richer and deeper. Ernest came up and asked her to dance. Her eyes were downcast, and he thought she took his arm coldly; but more than one bystander remarked how different was the animation with which the young Baroness von Lindorf waltzed with her cousin, to that with which she had danced with the handsome Prince Louis.

At length the ball ended, as all balls do—but it had answered the Countess's purpose. All Vienna talked of the approaching marriage of the beautiful heiress with Count von Hermanstadt. Many of her young friends ventured on a little gentle raillery. Pauline blushed, smiled, sighed, and denied the charge, but was believed by none. The time soon came for her return to the Castle of Lindorf; but little of her life had been passed there. She had left it, when quite a child, for the convent, and of late she had spent much time with her aunt. Her father, a silent and reserved man, but doatingly fond of his child, came often to see her; and though Pauline could recollect nothing of the affectionate confidence which so often exists between father and daughter when left alone in the world, yet she was full of gratitude and tenderness. With the quick instinct of a loving heart, she saw that she was the Baron's first and only object—that her happiness, and even her girlish pleasures, were his constant care. There was something in his unbroken sadness, his habits of seclusion, and his gloomy deportment, that excited her youthful imagination, and gave a depth of anxious devotion to her filial attachment.

The paramount desire of the Baron seemed to be, that she should not find her home dull on returning to it. At his request the Countess von Hermanstadt had collected together a gay young party, and the old castle was for some weeks to be a scene of perpetual festival Pauline went thither accompanied by her aunt and cousin. She at least found the journey delightful. Ernest, taken away from his books, animated by the fresh air and the rapid travelling, undisturbed by the presence of strangers, and anxious to please, now that he had no fear of either ridicule or coldness, was in high spirits. He drew their attention to every spot haunted by an association, and told its history as those tell who are steeped to the lip in poetry—rich in imagery, abounding in anecdote, he flung around all of which he spoke his own warm and fanciful feeling. Pauline fixed upon him her large blue eyes, where tenderness struggled with delight; while in the merest excited by his various details, she forgot the sweet and inward consciousness that would have fixed her eyes on the ground, or anywhere rather than on her cousin's face. The Countess was delighted to see everything going on so prosperously, and already began to plan wedding fetes.

Night had fallen ere they approached the castle, the first view of which was singularly striking. The party had gradually sunk into silence, the road for miles had wound through a dense forest, with no other light than that flung over the road by the lamps of the carriage, and the torches which the out-riders carried before them, forming strange and fantastic outlines. The red light played over the drooping boughs of the forest trees; the flickering rays only illumined the outside, and all beyond was impenetrable obscurity: from the depths of that thick darkness came forth wild sighs and sounds; the mournful murmur of the pine leaves, the creaking of the branches as they swayed heavily in the wind; these, mingled with the hoarse cry of the night-birds. Sometimes disturbed from his gloomy perch, the dusk wings of the owl flapped across the road, and his hooting disturbed the sad low music of the night: it was neither time nor place for gay converse: the whole party felt the subduing influence, and leant back in deep thought. Suddenly they cleared the wood, and the carriage paused for a moment that they might catch the first view of the castle of Lindorf; visible for miles around,—there it stood in the centre of a vast plain, on the summit of a high hill, with not a single rise to intercept, or a single object to distract the view. It rose in bold relief against the deep blue sky, with the large round moon shining directly behind it;—even at that distance you could mark the square towers and the indented battlements, while the mass of the building itself seemed immense. The sky, of that intense purple which marks a slight frost, was covered with floating clouds, and on the further edge, sheltered in their shadow, were scattered a few pale stars; but the broadway of heaven was flooded by moonlight; no longer shut out by the thick forest,—her rays silvered whatever they touched, and the long grass of the plain looked like undulating water, so thickly did the crisped dew lie upon it, and so clearly did the moonshine glitter through the frosted moisture. Ernest gazed upon the dark and distant castle with an emotion for which he could not himself have accounted; he remembered it not—and yet it seemed strangely familiar. The moonlight clothed it like a garment, and the old towers shone like silver: but even while they gazed, the brightness was departing. One mass of vapor flowed in after another like the dark tide coming in upon the shore; a black ridge rose above the castle: it darkened—it widened—its edges grew luminous as they approached the moon: gradually half her disk was hidden by them. "Is it an omen?" asked Ernest of his own thoughts. Even as he asked the question, the black cloud swept over the moon, and entire darkness covered the whole scene. "Drive on," cried Ernest, impatiently; and the horses set off at full gallop, but even the exhilaration of rapid motion failed to drive away the weight that had fallen upon his heart. He could not divest himself of the idea that the castle was in some way connected with his destiny,—and that such destiny was ill-fated. When at length they arrived, and drove slowly up the steep ascent as the old gate creaked on its hinges to receive them, and they alighted in the hall of black carved oak, he felt a cold shudder come over him. Again he asked himself—"Is it an omen?" and the voice of his inward spirit answered "Yes!"

A fortnight passed away, and one fête succeeded to another. At first Pauline clung to her cousin's side,—she wandered with him in the antique gardens, and would leave the dancers to gaze with him from the terrace which overlooked the vast plain below. Gradually she gave more and more into the pleasures around her; and the mornings were devoted to her young companions, and the evening saw her the gayest, as well as the loveliest of the assembled circle. This was a relief to Ernest—it left him more at liberty to indulge his own solitary pursuits, and to feed on the visionary melancholy, which was half thought—and half feeling. He was wrong, however, in the conclusion that he drew from the change in his cousin; he merely supposed that she was attracted by the amusements so natural to her age; he knew not that even that fair young brow had already learnt the bitter task of dissembling. He knew not that often did that bright young head lay down in weariness and sorrow on a pillow wet with frequent tears. Lovers only rightly represent love. Pauline saw that her cousin had only for her the calm and gentle tenderness of a brother;—they had been brought up together, and there was nothing in the pretty and playful child, that had grown up beside him, to excite his imagination. But she—she loved him with all that poetry which is only to be found in a woman's first affection; it is the early color that the rose-bud opens to the south wind,—the warmth that morning breathes upon a cloud whose blush reddens, but returns not. Pure, shy, sensitive, tender, and unreal; it is the most ethereal, yet most lasting feeling life can know. The influence of a woman's first love is felt on her whole after-existence: never can she dream such dream again. For a woman there is no second-love—youth, hope, belief, are all given to her first attachment; if unrequited, the heart becomes its own Prometheus, creative, ideal, but with the vulture preying upon it for ever. If deceived, the whole poetry of life is gone; the very essence of poetry is belief, and how can she, whose sweet eager credulity has once learnt the bitter truth—that its reliance was in vain, how can she ever believe again?

Pauline learnt to know Ernest's heart by her own, and she felt the difference. Night after night she left the ball-room in all the false flutter of that excitement whose fever destroys the heart which it animates. But once in her own room, the color left her cheek, and the light, her eye; she flung herself down, with a burst of tears, long and painfully repressed, while she thought that Ernest had not entered the hall throughout the evening. He, in the meanwhile, saw her seemingly happy and amused—and gave more and more in to his pursuits; he would spend days in the old forest adjoining, till the midnight stars shone through the darkling branches like the eyes of a spirit, awakening all that was most ethereal in his nature. Hours too were past on the winding and lovely river—lost in those vague but impassioned reveries which fade, and for ever, amid the sterner realities of life. The dreaming boyhood prepares for adventurous man; we first fancy, then feel, and, at last, act and think. He delighted too in rambling through the ancient castle—filled with the memory of other days: not a face in the picture gallery but he conjured up its history, and he loved to assign to each some one of the spacious chambers for the site of their adventures. Many of the rooms in the left wing were all but deserted,—and one afternoon, while wandering carelessly along, he found his way into a chamber that had apparently not been opened for years; he was struck with the beauty of some richly wrought oak panels. While leaning against one of them he chanced to touch a hidden spring; the panel flew open—and discovered a narrow flight of winding stairs. To kindle a phosphorus match, to light a small wax taper, was the work of a moment; and he began to descend the staircase:—childishly eager to discover something—he did not much care what, so long as it was a discovery. It wound to a much greater distance than he had supposed, and, at last, ended at a sort of low arch—the door of which was heavily barred inside. With great difficulty he succeeded in unfastening it: at last it yielded to his efforts, and he opened it. It opened inwards—and even then, though he perceived the open air, he could scarcely make his way through the matted ivy, and the thickly grown shrubs that extended beyond The moment he arrived beyond their shade he found himself in a portion of the castle grounds which he had never seen before; it was a lovely little garden of small extent, girdled in by lofty walls and tall trees—but a fairy land in miniature as far as it extened. The hues of autumn were now upon the boughs—but the evergreens shone with untiring verdure; and various late flowers appeared in that gorgeous coloring which belongs to the last season of earth's fertility. He wound though a narrow path of green and purple,—for the carefully trained grapes hung in arches overhead, with fruit as rich as those of the eastern garden discovered by Aladdin. Ernest was enchanted with his discovery, and hurried on, when his attention was caught by the sound of singing; it was a female voice of the most touching sweetness. The words were inarticulate, but the air, an old German melody, was exquisitely marked. Ernest followed whither the voice led—he paused amid some laurel trees, and a scene like a picture presented itself to his astonished gaze; it was a bright open grass plot—a very rendezvous for every stray sunbeam,—and in the middle glittered and danced a little fountain which threw up its silvery jets in the air, and then fell over large shells, stones, and rugged pieces of granite, which formed a sort of basin; a number of creeping plants were around it, and one or two lilies grew as if carved in ivory. Seated on one of the huge stones scattered around—singing a low sweet air, or rather humming it, for the words were inaudible, was a female figure. Ernest could see only a very pretty back—an exquisitely shaped head bending forward, and a profusion of black hair hanging down in plaits—the ends somewhat fancifully fastened with a scarlet flower.

Ernest felt that he was an intruder, but he did—as all other young men would have done—remain rooted to the spot. He knew the melody that she was singing to the music of the plashing fountain; he had not heard it for years, but now it came freshly back to his memory haunted with a thousand vague fancies: suddenly the low sweet singing ceased; the maiden rose hastily from her seat, and, turning round, showed the exact likeness of his favorite picture—the Beatrice Cenci. There was not the peculiar head-gear—for the hair was simply parted back; but every thing else was exact in resemblance. There was the same low white forehead, the same black arched eyebrow, the same Grecian outline of face, the same small and scornful lip. She looked towards him, and there were the same large, dark, and melancholy eyes. Surprise made Ernest both speechless and motionless—not so the lovely stranger; she bounded towards him with something between the spring of the startled fawn, and the confidence of an eager child.

"I knew some one would come at last to free me from my weary captivity," exclaimed she, in one of those thrilling voices which have a magic beyond even their music; "you are not a prisoner, too?" asked she, seeing the bewildered expression of Ernest's countenance.

"A prisoner! No," said he, too much astonished to know what he was saying, and taking one of the small and delicate hands which were extended so imploringly towards him.

"You will save me—help me, will you not?" asked the girl; "they have kept me here many years, and I long to go into the beautiful world that lies beyond these high walls. I sometimes wish I were a bird, and then I would spread my wings on the free air, and fly away, and be so happy. But you will take me with you, will you not?" whispered she, looking up in his face with the sweet and impatient look of a pleading child. "You look very kind—I may trust you, may I not?"

"With my life I will answer to that trust," cried young Hermanstadt; "but who are you,—who keeps you here?"

"My uncle, the Baron von Lindorf," muttered she, in a low frightened voice. "They tell me that there is a castle, and vassals, and gold, that should be mine, and that is why he keeps me here. He is very cruel!"

"Good God!" cried Ernest, "come this moment with me—and in his usurped place—before his own guests—I will force him to do you right."

"No, no," replied the captive, her lip whitening, and the pupils of her large eyes dilating with sudden terror. "You do not know how cruel he is, and how strong. Let us only get beyond these high walls. How did you get in?"

"I found, by chance, a long concealed passage."

"And you can come again? Ah! now I shall not mind being a prisoner. You will come and talk to me—and not tell me to be quiet, like old Clotilde, or frown upon me like Heinrich!"

"You shall not stay here—come with me this moment. I will protect you from them all!"

"No," replied the captive, "not now; you do not know my uncle's power—he would kill us both; we must escape without his knowing it. Do you think you can manage it in a few days?"

"Certainly! but the sooner the better."

"What is your name?" interrupted the prisoner.

"Ernest von Hermanstadt."

"They call me Minna. I used to have another name, but it is so long ago that I have forgotten it: I have grown so much since I was here. I could not reach those flowers when I came here first;—my pretty flowers, and my singing fountain—I shall be sorry to leave you! You never scold Minna; but it is a brave world yonder—you will

take me into it, Ernest?" asked she: and again those sweet eyes were raised beseechingly to his.

"Come with me now—I will pledge my life for your safety!"

"No, come to-morrow—can you—without being seen? To-morrow morning, when those clouds are reddening, and the waters of the fountain are rosy with their shadows? I always come here, I love the fresh air of the morning."

At this moment a shrill voice in the distance was heard calling—"Minna, Minna." Ernest would have pressed forward, when the maiden caught his arm, trembling from head to foot. "Go, go," whispered she, then, clasping her little hands with an air of passionate entreaty, she added: "I expect you to-morrow at sunrise;" and before he could answer, she had darted away. Once she looked back, but it was to wave her hand in token that he should depart. Ernest lingered for a moment, and then hurried back to the hidden passage; he carefully effaced all traces of his progress—and drew the ivy after him when he entered the arched door, that he barred; and then hurriedly sought his own chamber, which he left no more that night. This was an act of too frequent occurrence, on his part, to excite the least surprise; and the supposed student was left undisturbed,—for, for him, there was as little study as rest. That sweet face floated before his eyes, that low melodious voice haunted his ear—and the name of Minna lingered upon his lip. "Now," thought he, "I understand the cause of my uncle's gloom and abstraction; no marvel that he has no heart for gaiety with such a crime pressing upon it. I faintly remember hearing that his brother had fallen in some campaign that they fought together;—doubtless, with his last breath he commended his orphan girl to one bound by blood to protect her. How has that dying trust been violated; how has that child been oppressed! Made a prisoner—debarred all the social enjoyments of her age—deprived of rank and birthright—immured in solitude and ignorance. Great God! can such cruelty exist among the creatures thou hast made? but retribution, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty. Poor Pauline! how will her gentle and affectionate nature be grieved to hear this thing of the father she idolises; it must be kept from her. Wealth, what a subtle tempter thou art! Even my uncle—the man I deemed so noble, so generous, so full of high feeling and knightly qualities—even he has for thy sake played traitor to the dead, and broken every sacred tie of duty and of affection! I will think no more of it." This resolve was easily executed; for the image of Minna excluded every other thought. Her beauty, her grace, her childishness had captivated Ernest's imagination; fate, too, had set her stamp upon the fiery passion to which he utterly abandoned himself. "How strangely," muttered he to himself, as, thrown in the deep window-seat, he gazed out upon the silent night—"are the links knitted together, which time unravels! The picture my boyhood discovered, and which so haunted my youth, has it not now fulfilled its mission? The chance likeness has led to the predestined result. I feel it,—Minna has been predestined to be my bride. Fate, in filling my heart with her face, from the earliest years kept it free from all those passing fancies which would have detracted from the intense devotion of my present love. How wonderfully have we met! Minna—sweet Minna, life owes you much happiness; will it not be my delicious task to pay the debt?"

The night passed in one long, but happy reverie; and the light sleep into which Ernest fell at last was soon broken by the anxiety, which visited even his dreams, to catch the first crimson break of morning. He started from his bed—and the dark clouds in the east were beginning to redden; he hurried to the deserted suite of rooms—down the winding staircase, and in a few moments found himself again in the little garden. Cautiously he entered the vine-covered alley, and paused for a moment amid the thick shelter of the laurels: with a glance he drank in the beauty of the scene: the feeling of the painter and the poet—and Ernest had the imagination of both overpowered, during an instant, the feeling of the lover. Huge bodies of vapor—a storm in each—were hurrying over a sky, dashed alike with the hues of the tempest and the morning; some of the vapors were of inky blackness, others spread like a scroll of royal purple; some undulated with the light struggling through, others were of transparent whiteness; but those upon the east were of a deep crimson—and the round, red sun had just mounted above an enormous old cedar. Red hues were cast upon everything; even the lilies blushed, and the waters of the little fountain were like melted rubies: on the same stone which she had occupied the previous day sat Minna, but her head was now turned towards the spot where she had last seen Ernest. A movement amid the boughs caught her quick ear; she started from her seat upon the granite, and Ernest was at her feet. Shy, silent, with her long eyelashes drooping upon her flushed cheek; there was a sweet consciousness about her—even more fascinating than her yesterday's childish confidence. Ernest led her to her place, and knelt beside her; he had no words but those of love: he had a thousand plans for the future ready on his tongue: he could only speak of the present. "Yes, Minna; may I not call you so, though I am jealous of the very air bearing away the music of that name? I have loved you for years: not a feature in that beautiful face but has been long graven in my soul. I will show you your picture, sweet one, when you come home with me. Will you come to my home?"

And the maiden smiled and said, "I shall be so happy"

But the words of lovers are a language apart; their melody is a fairy song departing with the one haunted hour; to repeat it is to make it commonplace—cold, yet we can all remember it. Enough, that everything was planned for flight. The following morning they were to meet again; and Minna was only to return to the castle of Lindorf as the bride of Ernest von Hermanstadt. None then could question his right to protect her. The clouds gathered overhead; a vast vapor like a shroud, but black as night, came sweeping over the sky; a fierce wind shook the branches of the mighty cedar, and the slighter shrubs were bowed to the very earth; a hollow sound came from among the boughs, and a few large drops of rain disturbed the fountain, whose waters were dark as if the sunshine had never rested there.

"You must go, sweet one; this is no weather for that slight form. To-morrow, at sunset—"

"Why cannot I give you this?" exclaimed Minna, holding up one of the tresses with its scarlet flower.

"You must," cried Ernest, kissing the plait of the black hair, which was soft and glossy as the neck of the raven.

"I have nothing," said she, sadly, "that I can cut it with."

Ernest took from his pocket a little Turkish dagger—and with that Minna severed the glossy tress.

"I must go now," said she, "they will seek me if I stay out in the rain."

Ernest pressed her tenderly to his heart, and they parted. He caught the last wave of the flowers in her hair—the last sound of her fairy foot, and turned mournfully away. All that day he was occupied in preparations for his departure; he rode over to the castle of Krainberg, which belonged to a fellow student, whom he found on the point of departure. The young Baron, delighted with the romance, of which, however, he understood little more than that his grave and quiet friend was actually engaged in an elopement—agreed to remain to witness the marriage. He was also to have his chapel prepared, a priest in readiness, and then to leave his castle as a temporary residence for the bride and bridegroom. His mother had left Lindorf—or he would have trusted his secret with her, and intreated her countenance. In his own mind, Ernest was not sorry that her absence rendered this impossible; he liked the excitement, the strangeness, the adventure of his present plan, and his mother's calm and worldly temper would have interposed a thousand delays, and have arranged everything in the most proper and commonplace manner.

He was early at their rendezvous, the fountain, but early as he was, Minna was there before him; she approached him in a hurried and agitated manner, her slight frame trembling with emotion, her large eyes glancing from side to side like those of the frightened deer—and he could feel every pulse beating in the little feverish hand, which he kissed.

"Let us go at once," whispered she, "they will soon come to seek me." Ernest needed no urging to speed; he led, or almost carried her, down the vine alley, and they reached the dark portal without molestation. Minna drew back, terrified at the gloomy passage—but Ernest's caresses reassured her, and she ran up the winding stairs; in a short time they reached the little chamber, which was his study, and that gained, they were in comparative safety. Here they waited a short time, partly to give the lovely fugitive time to compose herself—partly, that it might be dusk before they attempted to leave the castle: that, however, was matter of no difficulty. A staircase led direct from Ernest's chamber to the garden—and he had the key of a small wicket which led to the woods around; once there, and escape was certain. Minna sat down in the old oak chair, which was Ernest's usual place. With what delight did he contemplate her charming figure bending over the table, and examining his favorite volumes with a curiosity which even fear and timidity could not quite dispel! what a delicious augury did the enthusiastic young student draw from her apparent interest! How many happy hours would they pass together over those very volumes! but there was little time even for the most delightful anticipations of the future. The dinner hour of the castle had now arrived—and every creature in it was busily engaged. Now then was the time to leave it. Carefully wrapping up his precious charge in his cloak, he led her to the little gate, where his servant was in waiting. Placing her before him, he sprung up on his horse, a strong and stately black steed, and a few moments more saw them galloping rapidly along the road that led to Arnheim castle. They needed to make all possible haste, for the storm, which had been gathering all day, now threatened to burst over their heads:—their way lay through a thick wood—and the elements had already commenced their strife. The creaking of the huge pine branches, mixed with the hurried sweeping of the leaves, of which a dry shower every now and then whirled from the earth—from the gathered heaps of autumn, or came down in hundreds from overhead. The birds, disturbed from their usual rest, flew around, beating the air with their troubled wings, and uttering shrill cries; the thunder rolled along in the distance, and a few large drops of rain fell heavily upon the ground; there was an unnatural heat in the air, and gleams of phosphoric light streamed along the burthened sky. But Ernest heeded not the storm; he only feared for the sweet burthen that rested so trustingly in his arms—he only drank the perfumed breath of the warm lips so near his own; he only felt the beating of the heart, now and henceforth to be pillowed on his own; he only heard the low murmur of a voice which now and then whispered his name—as if that name were to her all of love and safety. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed; the sparks flew from its hoof. He cut his way through the fresh wind, and felt as if the excitement of the impassioned moment were cheaply purchased, though his life were the ransom. They reached the castle of Krainberg before the storm burst forth in all its fury. The master was in waiting to receive them, and Ernest felt all a lover's pride as he marked the astonishment and admiration with which Von Krainberg gazed on the beautiful stranger. They led at once to the chapel; Ernest grudged himself the pleasure of even seeing her till he had a right to gaze upon her—till every look was at once homage and protection; he was impatient, in her strange and isolated situation, to call her his own—his wife. A close, damp air struck upon them as they entered the chapel; it had long been out of use, and the hastily lighted tapers burnt dim in the sepulchral atmosphere. The mouldering banners were stirred by the high wind, and the breathing was oppressed by the dust; many tombs were around, and the white effigies seemed like reluctant witnesses glaring upon the hopes of humanity, with cold and stony eyes. A monk, bowed with extreme age, pale, emaciated, and his white head tremulous with palsy, stood beside the altar—and his long, thin fingers trembled beneath the weight of the sacred volume. He began the ceremony, and his low, tremulous voice could scarcely be heard through the moaning of the wind amid the tombs. The ground beneath their feet was hollow, and sent forth a hollow echo;—the graves below had once been filled with the dead, and now only a little dust remained in their vacant places: they had perished as it were a second time. There was a mournful contrast between the place of the bridal and the bride; there she stood in that radiant loveliness, which is heaven's rarest gift to earth. Her dress was of the simplest white, gathered at the waist by a belt of her own embroidery—ornament she had none. The daughter of the noble house of Von Lindorf wedded the heir of the as noble house of Von Hermanstadt, dressed as simply as a peasant. Her black hair hung down in its long plaits, like serpents—the scarlet flower at each end; a bright color flushed her cheek, and her eyes seemed filled with light.

The aged priest closed the holy book, and Ernest turned to salute his bride; but even he started back at the sudden clap of thunder that pealed through the chapel. The building shook beneath the crash, and a flood of lightning poured in at the windows, casting a death-like light on the stony faces of the white figures on the monuments:—it was but for a moment—and Ernest caught his trembling bride to his heart. She was pale with terror, for now the storm rushed forth in all its fury, and a sudden gust of wind and rain dashed against the painted window at the end of the chapel. The repeated flashes threw a strange radiance around, and strange noises mingled together.

"It is an awful night," said the young Baron of Krainberg, as he led the way to the hall, which, as they entered, was lit up with one livid blaze. Ernest supported the almost insensible form of his bride; he murmured a few caressing words—but even love, in all its strength, felt powerless before the war of the immortal elements.

The next morning but few traces of the tempest remained; the river that wound through the valley was somewhat swollen, and a few giant pines dashed down to earth would never again cast their long shadows before them on a summer morning; but the sky was soft, clear, and blue, and a few white clouds wandered past, light as down. The leaves glittered with the lingering rain-drops, and a fresh, sweet smell came from the herbage of the valley. Ernest was seated in a little breakfast parlor, looking to a terrace that commanded the country; he was seated at the feet of the bride, whose small fingers were entwined in his black hair. What a world of poetry seemed in the depths of her large, shining eyes, which looked upon him so tenderly—so timidly; their dream, for it was a dream-like happiness, was broken in upon by the entrance of Ernest's servant, who asked to speak to his master. There was a something in the man's manner which commanded instant attention, and Von Hermanstadt followed him out of the room.

"Sir," exclaimed the man, "here is your letter to the Baron—he died suddenly last night. The lady Pauline is in a dreadful state, and the steward intreated that you would go up there at once."

Ernest felt that this was a case which admitted of no delay. Saying a few hasty words about important business to Minna, reserving the death till he could have time to tell it soothingly, he flung himself upon his horse, and galloped to Lindorf. Though grave and solitary, both in

manners and habits, the Baron had been much beloved by his domestics, and the voice of weeping was heard on every side. Ernest hurried to his uncle's chamber; there the daylight was excluded, and the ray of the yellow tapers fell dimly upon the green velvet bed where lay the last Baron of Lindorf. In him ended that noble house; with his arms folded, so as to press the ebon crucifix to his bosom—his head supported by a damask cushion, lay the Baron. Ernest paused for a moment, awe-struck by the calm beauty which reigned in the face of the dead; the features were stately and calm, the brow had lost the care-worn look it wore in life, and peace breathed from every lineament of the sweet and hushed countenance. "Can the dead," thought Ernest, "struck down with an unrepented crime—can the oppressor of the orphan look thus?"

He had not time for further reflection, for a convulsive motion on the other side of the bed showed him Pauline crouched in a heap at the feet of the corpse—her face buried in the silken counterpane. Her bright hair was knit up with pearls, and she still wore the robe of the previous evening; how terrible seemed its gay colors now!

"We have not been able," whispered an old grey-headed servant, "to get her to speak or move."

Ernest's heart melted with the tenderest pity. He took the passive hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.—"Pauline, dearest, look up," said he, passing his arm round her, so as to raise her head. What his words could not effect, the movement did; she was roused from her stupor, and, giving one wild glance at the corpse, she leant her head on her cousin's shoulder, and burst into a passion of tears. Soothing her with the tenderest words, he carried her to her chamber. "At least," said he to himself, as he left her, "the memory of the father shall be sacred."

The old steward met him, and said—"There is a letter for you which my master was writing at the time of his death. I know many circumstances which it is now of the last importance that you should know too. For God's sake, sir, go and read the letter, and I will be within your call."

The old man led the way to his master's room. He looked round it piteously for a moment, and then hurried away, hiding his face in his hands. Ernest had never been in the room before; and yet how full it seemed of the living presence of him who was no more! There was his cloak flung on a chair;—there lay open books of which he and Ernest had recently been talking. There, too, was a flask of medicine—alas! how unavailing!—and a goblet of water, half drank. But one object more than all riveted Ernest's attention;—there was the picture of Beatrice Cenci. It was a portrait as large as life: his own seemed to have been a copy of it. How well he knew that striking and lovely face! He knew not why, but he gazed upon it with a sudden terror; the large black eyes seemed fixed so mournfully upon his own. He turned away, and saw the letter on the table addressed to himself. He seated himself, and began to read the contents: though the tears swam in his eyes as he saw the handwriting of an uncle who, whatever his faults, had always been kind, very kind to himself. It ran thus:

"My beloved Ernest,—For dear to me as a child of my own is the boy who has grown up at my side. I have long been desirous of communicating to you the contents of the following pages, but I have found it too painful to speak—I find that I must write. My confidence will not be misplaced, for I have noted in you a judgement beyond your years, and a decliness which will estimate the trust reposed in you. My health is declining rapidly, and I would fain secure protection for my darling Pauline, and another as dear and more unfortunate. I have rejoiced to see that my sister's plan for a marriage between you and my daughter is not likely to take place. You do not love your cousin—you prefer the solitary study and the lonely ramble—so would not a lover. She, too, is amused in your absence. I hear her step and song among her companions, and you are not with them. It is for the best—you will be a safe and affectionate friend. I hope she will never marry.

"Alas!—On me and mine has rested a fearful curse! I married one whose beauty let the picture now opposite to me attest, and her heart was even lovelier than her face. An Italian artist painted her as Beatrice Cenci: he said that the costume suited her so well. I have since thought it an omen that we should have chosen the semblance of one so ill-fated. For years we were most happy, but at last an unaccountable depression seized upon my wife. She became wayward and irritable. This led to the quarrel between your mother and ourselves. She knew not the fatal cause. After the birth of her third and last child, her malady took a darker turn. Ernest, it was melancholy madness, and incurable! In a paroxysm of despondency, she murdered the infant in her arms, and died a few hours afterwards in a state of raving insanity!

"I will not dwell on my after-years of misery. I was roused by fear of the headstrong and violent temper of my eldest girl, Minna—I saw in it the seeds of her mother's malady. My terror was too well founded. She was found one evening attempting to strangle her little sleeping sister, who was then six years old—Minna being just fourteen. A brain fever followed, and a report was spread of her death. Why should our family calamity be made the topic of idle curiosity? But, in reality, she has resided in this castle—her state requiring constant and often strict restraint. I have been scarcely ever absent from the castle; but, alas! my tenderness has answered but in part. With a caprice incidental to persons in her dreadful situation, she has taken an extreme dislike to me, and fancies that I am her uncle, and imprison her to detain the vast possessions of which she fancies herself the heiress."

The fatal paper dropped from Ernest's hand. He remained pale, breathless, the dew starting, and the veins swelled of his forehead. "God of Heaven, have mercy upon me!—What have I done!" Again he caught up the letter, and, with a desperate effort, read to the close.

"My faithful Heinrich and his sister Clotilde are the only depositories of this secret. While I live I shall devote myself to the care of my ill-starred Minna, who is the very image of her mother. When I die—and the shadow of death even now rests upon my way—I commend her to her God and to you. You will be to her and to Pauline as a brother. I know I can rely upon you."

"Married to a maniac—a hopeless maniac!—What will my mother say!"—exclaimed Ernest, as he paced the room. The image of his beautiful bride rose before him; he felt as if his tenderness and his devotion must avail; he would watch her every look—anticipate her very thoughts. He started—it was the steward who came into the room.

"I see," said the old man, "that you have read my master's letter. Alas! I have dreadful news to tell. The Baroness Minna has evaded all our precautions. She has escaped, I know not whither. I only trust it is alone."

"Heinrich," said Ernest, solemnly, "I speak to you as the trusted and valued friend of my beloved uncle. Minna is with me. I married her last night—deceived, alas! by a narrative which I ought never to have credited. I at least ought to have known my uncle too well to believe that he could be guilty of fraud or oppression The rest of my life will be too little to atone for that moment's doubt. Old man, hear me swear to devote myself to his children!"

"God bless you!" sobbed the old man, as he clasped the hand which Ernest extended towards him.

Months passed away in unceasing watchfulness on the part of Ernest. With trembling hope he began to rely on Minna's complete recovery. Wild she was at times, and her fondness for him had a strange character of fierceness; but his influence over her was unbounded, and her passion for music was a constant resource. By Heinrich's advice they left the castle, that no painful train of thought might be awakened; and they resided in a light, cheerful villa, amid the suburbs of Vienna. Her husband found all the plans of mutual study in which the young student lover had so delighted, were in vain. It was impossible to fix her attention long on any thing. Companionship there was none between them, and the call on his attention was unceasing; but his affection became even deeper for its very fear, and it was hallowed by the feeling of how sacred it was as a duty. Gradually as he became more and more satisfied about Minna, he grew more anxious for Pauline. He saw her drooping day by day; her spirits became unequal, and her eyes were rarely without tears. Too late he discovered how she loved him. Her bodily weakness seemed to render her less capable of repressing her feelings. Her eye followed him, go where he would; she hung upon his least word, and she shrunk away from her sister. The proposed visit to his mother brought on such a passion of tears, that he had not the heart to insist upon it—especially when he looked upon her pale, sunken cheek, and watched her slow, dispirited step. Once or twice he saw Minna watching her with a wild, strange glance in her large, black eyes, as if there was an intuitive feeling of jealousy.

It was now the first week in June, and the weather was unusually hot; and there was thunder in the air, which added to the oppression. The moon, too, was at its full; and Minna, always restless at that time, was now unusually so. At last, towards evening, she sank on the window-seat in a deep slumber. Pauline was walking on the terrace below; and Ernest, who saw that she was scarcely equal to the fatigue, went down to give her his assistance. She took his arm, and they walked up and down together. At last she leant over the balustrade, and her eye filled with tears as she watched the moonlight turning the flowers to silver.

"I wish," said she, "I were a flower—happy in the sunshine—happy in the soft night air. No beating heart within, to make me wretched." And she dropped her head on his arm and wept.

Before Ernest had time to utter even a few soothing words, a bright blade glittered in the moonlight, and Pauline sunk with a faint scream on the pavement.—Minna had stabbed her sister to the heart! There she stood: her cheek flushed with the deepest crimson, and her eyes flashing the wild light of insanity—waving the weapon she had so fatally used. It was the little Indian dagger Ernest had lent her to sever the long tress of hair. She had concealed it till this moment.

"Yes," cried she, "I have killed her at last. They thought I did not know her, but I did. She took away my father's heart from me, and would have taken away my husband's; but I have killed her at last."

By this time the servants came rushing from all parts. At their appearance Minna seemed seized with some vague fear, and attempted to fly. Ernest had just time to pass his arms around her, though she struggled violently. They raised Pauline, but the last spark of life had fled—the pale and lovely features were set in death!

Minna lived on for years—her insanity taking, every succeeding year, a darker color. Ernest never left her side. Fierce or sullen, violent or desponding, he watched her through every mood. She wore herself away to a shadow, till it was a marvel how that frail form endured. For months before her death, she was almost ungovernable, and did not know him the least. She scarcely ever slept, but one night slumber overpowered her. The sun was shining brightly into the chamber, and its light fell upon the whitened hair and careworn features of her husband, who had been watching by her for hours. A sweet and meek expression was in her eyes when she awoke.

"Ernest, dearest Ernest," said she, in a soft, low whisper. She raised her head from the pillow, and, like a child, put up her mouth to kiss him. She sank back: her last breath had passed in that kiss!

He laid her in the same tomb with her father and sister; and the next day, the noble, the wealthy, and still handsome Count Von Hermanstadt entered the order of St. Francis.

### THE MEETING.

We've met again!—this very place
Witnessed our parting tears;
'T was hallowed by our fond embrace,
In well remembered years.
Here the young wild birds sweetly sung,
And Spring's first leaves were green;
Ours were the only clouds that hung
Upon the sunbright scene.

We've met again!—but changed is all
That then was fresh and fair;
Fallen is the Spring's rich coronal—
The trees stand scathed and bare.
And we ourselves are changed—for now,
When nature looks so drear,
My happy heart, thy smiling brow,
Are all the bright things here.

We've met again!—but we know not
How quickly we may part;
How soon, even on this very spot,
The bitter tear may start.
But though from hence we may be driven,
Still we will not despair;
We'll meet again, my love, in Heaven,
And ne'er be parted there!

B.
Knickerbocker.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.—Dr. Mousey being once on a visit to his brother in Norfolk, in the beginning of winter, and intending to set off for London the next day, his brother proposed to go and shoot wild ducks early in the morning, that he might take two or three couple of fresh killed to London with him. The servant had orders to clean the long fowling-piece, get plenty of powder and shot, and grease their boots. Every thing being in readiness according to their desire, about an hour before daylight the Doctor and his brother set off for the place where the ducks resort, in order to be there by break of day, when they generally take wing to go and feed. They had walked nearly three miles, and, it having rained in the night, the clay mud-wall was very dirty and greasy, when they heard the cry of the ducks. They were now obliged to get over the wall and across a sluice into the marsh where the ducks were. The rain had raised the water above a foot. It was then proposed that one should go over, and the other remain behind. "George," says the Doctor, "do you go over, for I have forgotten my boots."—"By heaven, John, so have I!" said his brother; "but we won't lose our sport, as we have come thus far." So both waded through and got over the gate into the marsh, and, advancing along the flat, they at length perceived the ducks.—"You are near enough, George," said the Doctor. "Ay," replied George, "I think we are not more than one hundred yards off." "Why, then, fire," said the Doctor. "Do you fire," returned George. "Why, I have not got the gun; do you fire." "I fire! I have not got the gun," said the brother—"I thought you had it. What a fine opportunity is lost! Here are not less than thirty ducks within shot, and neither of us have got the gun!"

Thus after rising very early, walking at least three miles in a most dirty place along the salt marshes, and wading in water above fifty yards, they found that they had both forgotten to take their guns as well as their boots.

*Official Census of Newark.*—The assessors have just made their return to the City Council, and report the number of inhabitants as amounting to 19,732; but the Daily Advertiser observes that the population may be computed at more than 20,000, as the census was taken during the season when most of the manufacturers had suspended operations. There are but 324 colored males and 336 colored females amongst the population, and 10 slaves. 543 shoemakers, 527 saddle and harness makers, 433 carpenters, 339 carriage makers, 245 hatters, 209 tailors, 97 merchants, 7 printers, 294 blacksmiths, 130 painters, and 27 stone cutters.

*John C. Nicoll*, Esq. has been elected by the new Board of Aldermen, Mayor of Savannah.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1836.

*Banking Reform.*—Having glanced rapidly in our last at the causes which are working a change in public sentiment, leading naturally to a change in political action, on the subject of banking, we proceed now to offer a few practical suggestions on the subject of *free* banking.

We shall not differ with any reflecting citizen in assuming that the mere abrogation of the present banking system, either with or without an implied liberty to every individual and company to manufacture and put in circulation as much paper money as possible, would be extremely hazardous if not disastrous. We do not doubt that the business and customs of the country would in time accommodate themselves to any state of things which might be created; but the intermediate consequences would be such as can hardly be contemplated with complacency. If the established system is to be overthrown, an efficient and carefully matured substitute must be provided—a substitute which, while it eschews the errors and imperfections of this, will afford at least equal soundness to the currency and facilities to the business of the country. It is on the presumption that such a change may be demanded that we venture to suggest a few fundamental principles.

1. A general banking law must provide that no persons shall issue paper as money until after ample and satisfactory evidence has been laid before a proper Board of Commissioners, or some competent tribunal, that they have absolutely invested a sufficient amount of capital in the business to secure the community against all reasonable danger of a failure.

2. No person or persons engaged in banking should be allowed to issue notes to an amount greater than their actual capital (we should prefer three-fourths of it) in specie and property readily convertible into specie—of course not including the notes or other mere obligations which they have taken for loans.

3. All the existing guards against fraudulent or improvident management should be retained, and others added, if practicable. We should be pleased to retain the Safety Fund feature of the present system. The supervision of the Commissioners should be rigid, minute, and untiring; and all fraud should be severely punished. In case of the failure of a bank, the officers should at once be committed to prison until acquitted of all misconduct on a full investigation. In all cases, a conviction of a single act of knavery, in any situation, should ever after disqualify an individual for partaking in the management of a bank.

In fine, we would advocate, in the formation of a free banking system, the retention of every feature of the present calculated to inspire a public confidence that the paper will undoubtedly be redeemed with specie whenever required.—Without this, banks are a curse rather than a blessing to the community; with it, we have only to consider the means of rendering them the greatest blessing to the greatest number.

The idea of a Real Estate Bank has attracted very general attention in a sister State; and it can hardly be disputed that, aside from specie, real estate would form the most substantial and unexceptionable basis for banking that could be suggested. Why might it not be employed advantageously? Why might not an association of free-holders, jointly pledging one hundred thousand, one million, or ten million dollars' worth of real estate, absolutely free from all other incumbrance and no longer capable of transfer or mortgage, be authorized to issue notes to half its value by keeping a reasonable amount of specie on hand and incurring a severe penalty in case of a temporary non-redemption? The idea is certainly worthy of consideration. We did not examine or have forgotten the features of the Maryland project; but it strikes us that the security here offered to the holders of notes is of the most tangible and satisfactory nature. It is not liable to the depredations of knaves within or without the concern—cannot be abstracted by a fraudulent cashier or more daring and ingenious villain—can scarcely be dissipated by mismanagement—and, being incapable of transfer except to satisfy the liabilities of the bank after it shall have been closed for non-payment, would afford an almost certain guaranty of redemption. We trust this scheme will not be lost sight of in the multiplicity of jostling projects and conflicting views which will this winter demand the attention of our Legislature.

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MARYLAND.—The Electors of the Senate chosen by the friends of Mr. Van Buren in this State have, contrary to our anticipation, ventured the extreme measure of refusing to go into Convention for the election of a Senate, and there is consequently no Senate, and the State Government is reduced to chaos. We have already stated the circumstances leading to this state of things, but the importance of the step just taken and of the crisis thereby created seems to require a brief recapitulation.

The Constitution of Maryland, framed many years ago, declares that the State Legislature shall consist of a House of Delegates elected annually by the several counties and cities—each county electing four Delegates, and the cities of Baltimore and Annapolis two each—and a Senate of fifteen members elected every fifth year by an Electoral College, to which each county shall send two Members and the two cities one each. It will readily be conceived that in the process of time this representation has become very defective and unequal, some of the counties having now scarcely more than a thousand voters, while Baltimore has become a great city with more than eleven thousand voters. Annapolis casts three hundred votes and elects two Delegates; Baltimore ten thousand, with only the same weight in the government. Of course, the latter, with some of the larger counties, is earnestly desirous of a Reform of the Constitution, which the smaller counties as naturally oppose, from a jealousy of the numerical preponderance and commanding influence of Baltimore. We believe this radical opposition of interests has never been identified with party politics until this year, when the friends of Mr. Van Buren, being a majority in Baltimore and some counties where Reform is most popular, with an Election of President by General Ticket just at hand, very wisely identified their cause with that of Constitutional Reform. In the late election of Senatorial Electors they succeeded thereby in carrying overwhelming majorities in Baltimore and all the great counties, and, though they did not obtain a majority of the Electors chosen, they were enabled to exhibit a majority of nearly 3,000 in the aggregate popular vote. Such was the issue of the contest.

Now the Constitution specifies that not less than twenty-four of the forty Electors chosen shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. Now, as the Harrison party had but 21, while their opponents had chosen 19, it was fully in the power of the latter to prevent an election by refusing to meet the majority. This course was deliberately advised by large popular meetings at Baltimore, at Frederick, and at Elkton, unless the majority of the Electors would bind themselves beforehand to give their opponents eight of the fifteen Senators. It could not, of course, have been expected that this requisition would be acceded to.

Monday of this week was the day fixed by law for the meeting of the Electoral College at Annapolis. At 12 o'clock, the roll was called over, and *twenty-one* Electors (the Whigs) answered to their names. The calling of the remainder was like that of 'spirits from the vasty deep'—they would not come. Every Elector was in Annapolis, but twenty-one only in the State-House. Soon after, a deputation from the minority appeared, and presented a letter, containing, as is presumed, an offer to compromise on the basis before mentioned. They were informed that the College was not yet organized, and that no communication could properly be received. They retired; and the majority, after waiting till 3 P. M. adjourned to 5, but still no quorum. At 6, they adjourned to 9 of the following day.

Tuesday came—but not the delinquent Electors. Three of them entered the Hall to examine the record, but declined an invitation to qualify. It is understood that further propositions of compromise were made, but either not considered or deemed inadmissible; and at 1 o'clock, P. M. the minority left Annapolis in the Baltimore steamboat, with colors flying, drums beating, and a salute of artillery.

So Maryland has no Senate; and the State Government, if we rightly understand the matter, will cease to exist on the first day of January next. What will be her condition thereafter we know not: though the Baltimore Republican has promulgated the idea that she will lapse, for the time being, into a Territory dependent on the General Government.

The minority of the Electoral College, it is understood, will issue an "Address to the People of Maryland," recommending a Convention at Baltimore in December to frame a new Constitution.

The measure adopted by the Electoral minority must be regarded as virtually a revolutionary one—a remedy above the law for grievances deemed intolerable, and otherwise incapable of removal. If sustained by the people of the State in the pending Delegate and Presidential Elections, the overthrow of the old Constitution will be complete.—A contrary result would be disastrous to those engaged in this proceeding, though we deem some Reform inevitable. It is contended by the Whigs that the refusal to come into the Electoral College involved the guilt of specific perjury on the part of all those Electors who had taken the usual oath to support the Constitution, and of moral delinquency, treason, perjury, or something of the kind, on that of the others.—The most immediate effect of this extraordinary proceeding will be to exasperate in the highest degree both political parties, and to call out a formidable vote at the coming elections.

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MAINE.—Partial returns from all parts of this State indicate a much more equal contest in the late election than we had been led to anticipate. But the vote is lighter than might have been expected, as well as the majority; so that, on the whole, we cannot consider the defeat of the Van Buren Electoral Ticket in November a matter of probability.—The following is the vote for Governor in about two-thirds of the State:

| Counties. | Dunlap, V. B | Members. | Kent, W. | Mem. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cumberland | 4387 | 13 | 3546 | 13 |
| York | 2391 | 13 | 1254 | 7 |
| Lincoln | 2522 | 3 | 2677 | 10 |
| Kennebec | 3145 | 11 | 4019 | 10 |
| Oxford | 822 | 11 | 360 | 1 |
| Somerset | 793 | 4 | 916 | 3 |
| Penobscot | 2562 | 4 | 1969 | 11 |
| Hancock | 1271 | 6 | 870 | 3 |
| Washington | 1454 | 2 | 990 | 1 |
| Total, | 20,547 | 72 | 17,691 | 59 |

Without doubt the towns to hear from will largely increase the majority.

There was much disorganization prevailing, particularly in the ranks of the dominant party, which, while it naturally increased the vote for Governor, has rendered the election well nigh ineffectual so far as regards other offices.

A miserable business has been done in the election of Members of Congress. Hon. John Fairfield (V. B.) is elected in York; Hon. Timothy J. Carter (do.) in Oxford; and Geo. Evans (Whig) in Kennebec—three in all, of eight that were to be chosen. In Cumberland, Hon. F. O. J. Smith (V. B.) lacks 87 votes of an election:—Smith 3,724; Brooks (Whig) 3,326; scattering 487. In Lincoln, Hon. Jeremiah Bailey (Whig) lacks a similar number; in 21 towns, Bailey 2,081; Cilley (V. B.) 1,985. scattering 184. Six towns to hear from, which cannot materially vary the result. The smallness of the vote in this District surprises us. In 30 towns in the Penobscot District, Dr. Tenney (Whig) has 2,390: Hon. Thomas Davee (V. B,) 2,501; Bates (V. B.) 447; scattering 40. It is barely possible that Davee is elected.—In the Hancock and Washington District, 38 towns, Hobbs (Whig) has 1,631; Pillsbury (V. B.) 1,345; Chandler (do.) 706.—In 21 towns in the Waldo District, Marshall (V. B.) has 1,038; Anderson (do.) 1,192; Morrill (Whig) 355; Hall 145.

We presume a new trial will be had at the Presidential Election in November. The vacancies in the Senate—and they are numerous—will be filled by legislative joint ballot. In the towns and representative districts, where no choice of representatives has been effected, special elections will be held forthwith.

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*William Sharon, Esq.* has been nominated for Congress by the opponents of Van Buren and the repeal of the Bank Charter in Cumberland, Perry, and Juniata counties, Pa.

"*The Centre Berichter*," German paper at Aaronsburg, Pa. has changed from the support of Van Buren to that of Harrison.

NEW-YORK.—The 'Republican' (Van Buren) State Convention assembled at Syracuse on Wednesday of last week. Every county in the State was represented—only four Delegates absent. The Convention was organized by the choice of Hon. Nathaniel Garrow of Cayuga as President, Aaron Vark of Westchester and John Ely of Greene, Vice Presidents, Prosper M. Wetmore of New-York and Henry K. Smith of Erie, Secretaries.

The following delegates were appointed a Committee to prepare the Address and Resolutions: Hon. Azariah C. Flagg of Albany, Charles P. Clinch, Esq. of New-York, Dr. Stoddard Judd of Dutchess, Judge Fine of St. Lawrence, B. Bicknell, Esq. of Madison, D. S. Dickinson, Esq. of Broome, Jared Wilson, Esq. of Ontario, and Mr. Gay of Monroe.

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for a candidate for Governor, with the following result:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For Hon. | William L. Marcy | 117 |
| " | Addison Gardner | 4 |
| " | Charles Humphrey | 1 |

Hon. WILLIAM L. MARCY was thereupon unanimously nominated for re-election to the Chief Magistracy of the State.

Next for Lieutenant Governor:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For Hon. | John Tracy | 116 |
| " | Charles Humphrey | 4 |
| " | Thomas Herttell | 1 |

So Hon. JOHN TRACY was unanimously nominated for re-election.

The Convention proceeded to ballot for two Senatorial Electors of President and Vice President. The vote stood:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For Hon. | Cornelius W. Lawrence of New-York | 73 |
| " | James M'Call of Allegany | 64 |
| " | William M. Oliver of Yates | 62 |
| " | John Lorimer Graham of New-York | 48 |

Messrs. Lawrence and M'Call were thereupon nominated.

A Committee of one from each Congressional District, appointed to select District Electors, reported a list which was unanimously accepted, and the ticket adopted, as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Senatorial | CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE | New-York. |
| | JAMES M'CALL | Allegany. |
| Dist. No. I. | Moses Rolph | Suffolk. |
| II. | Jacob Crocheron | Richmond. |
| III. | Stephen Allen | New-York. |
| | Campbell P. White | " |
| | Gideon Ostrander | " |
| | John Targee | " |
| IV. | Jeremiah Anderson | Westchester. |
| V. | James Hooker | Dutchess. |
| VI. | Nathaniel P. Hill | Orange. |
| VII. | Jeremiah Russell | Ulster. |
| VIII. | Zadoc Pratt | Greene. |
| | Lucas Hoes | Columbia. |
| IX. | Henry Koon | Rensselaer. |
| X. | Archibald Stevens | Albany. |
| XI. | Herman Gansevoort | Saratoga. |
| XII. | John Gale | Washington. |
| XIII. | Wolcott Tyrrel | Essex. |
| XIV. | David C. Judson | St. Lawrence. |
| XV. | Frederic Sammons | Montgomery. |
| XVI. | Henry Ellison | Herkimer. |
| XVII. | Parker Halleck | Oneida. |
| | George F. Falley | Oswego. |
| XVIII. | Orville Hungerford | Jefferson. |
| XIX. | Joshua Babcock | Otsego. |
| XX. | Ichabod Bartlett | Delaware. |
| XXI. | Augustus C. Welch | Chenango. |
| XXII. | Lyman Strubridge | Tompkins. |
| | Whitcomb Phelps | Tioga. |
| XXIII. | David Munro | Onondaga. |
| | Daniel Dickey | Madison. |
| XXIV. | Peleg Slade | Cayuga. |
| XXV. | Alanson M. Knapp | Wayne. |
| XXVI. | Jared Wilson | Ontario. |
| XXVII. | Elisha Doubleday | Yates. |
| XXVIII. | Joseph Sibley | Monroe. |
| XXIX. | Samuel Benedict | Genesee. |
| XXX. | Daniel Bissell | Livingston. |
| XXXI. | Thomas J. Wheeler | Cattaragus. |
| XXXII. | Guy H. Goodrich | Erie. |
| XXXIII. | Hiram Gardner | Niagara. |

The Committee on Resolutions reported a series from which we extract the following, as referring to matters of general interest aside from party politics. We believe the views set forth in the second and third of these resolutions will meet with little opposition from any quarter:

*Resolved*, That while we do not admit the justice or policy of drawing from the people an annual money surplus for the purpose of returning it to them in another form; yet we believe that the surplus to be received under the act of the last session of Congress can be restored to the uses of the people consistently with its safe keeping for the ultimate demands of the general government in no manner so conducive to the public interests and to the ends of good government as by investing it and applying the interest to the purposes of general education.

*Resolved*, That no greater sum ought to be collected from the people by taxes or imposts than is necessary for the ordinary support of the government.

*Resolved*, That the regulation of the currency is a proper subject of legislative control; but the right of keeping offices of discount and deposite, and dealing in the legally established currency of the state, may be extended to all with as much safety and benefit to the community as the privilege of dealing in merchandize; and in the opinion of this Convention, such a modification of the restraining law as will enable individuals or associations to keep offices to loan gold and silver and the bills of the Safety Fund Banks in this state, and to receive deposites, without the privilege of issuing their own paper, would produce a wholesome competition among money-lenders, and essentially benefit the interests of trade and commerce, by promoting the introduction and free use of capital.

*Resolved*, That the introduction of specie into our circulating medium, as a substitute for small bills, will essentially improve the currency of the state, and place in the hands of those who earn their daily bread by honest industry, a commodity of intrinsic value, which cannot be impaired by the frauds or failures of individuals or banking incorporations.

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*Jefferson.*—The 'Republican' (Van Buren party of this county have nominated Isaac H. Bronson, Esq. of Waterbury, as their candidate for Congress. He is (like his opponent, Col. Elisha Camp,) a gentleman of distinguished integrity, ability, and popularity. The same party have nominated for Assembly, Richard Hulbert, Jotham Bigelow, and John W. Tamblin, Esqs.

*Hon. Reuben Sanford* has been nominated for Congress by the Whigs of the Essex, Clinton and Warren District.

*Hon. Luther Bradish*, of Franklin, and *Hon. Samuel Young*, of Saratoga, have been nominated for Senators by the Whigs of the Fourth District. Of course, the nomination of Col. Young can only have been intended as an approval of his course in the Senate last winter, and is not to be regarded as asserting any community of political feeling between him and his new supporters.

*Working Men's Nomination.*—The State Convention of of Working Men, which met at Syracuse on the 15th, nominated ISAAC SMITH, of Buffalo, for Governor, and MOSES JAQUES, of New-York, for Lieutenant Governor.

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OHIO.—A Young Men's State Convention of the supporters of Van Buren and Johnson assembled at Columbus on Friday the 9th inst. John Bigler, Esq. of Montgomery, President, seventeen Vice Presidents, and six Secretaries. The number in attendance is stated in the 'Hemisphere' at 6 to 800. The Convention was addressed by Gov. Lucas, Judge Goodenow, and Hon. Elisha Hayward. A great number of resolutions were passed, and a Young Men's State Central Committee appointed. In the evening, a great festive meeting was held, in honor of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, in which a great number participated. The whole was characterized by great unanimity and enthusiasm.

The Harrison Young Men's Convention was to have assembled on Tuesday the 20th inst. We have of course no advices.

*Dr. John Hamm*, of Zanesville, has been nominated for Congress by the supporters of Van Buren and Johnson in the Muskingum and Licking District. He is a strong candidate.

The contest in this State is now of the most animated character. Every energy is called into action on either side. The Whigs have already a candidate for Congress in every District in the State, and their opponents in at least fifteen of the nineteen. So close and earnest is the contest in every section that there is not a single instance of double candidates of the same faith in one district, as there has always heretofore been. Of course, the October poll will very accurately test the strength of parties.

The Whig Young Men of Franklin County held a meeting at Columbus on the same day with their opponents' State Convention, and boast of having outnumbered the latter.—They appointed *seven hundred* delegates to their own State Convention.

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VERMONT.—The reelection of Hon. Heman Allen (Whig) in the Fourth District is now conceded; but it is said that Hon. Horace Everett (do.) in the Third lacks 120 votes—Hon. Martin Flint, Anti-Mason, also for Harrison, having received about 1,000 votes, which count so many against a choice. As a plurality elects on the third trial, the ultimate success of Mr. Everett can hardly be doubted. The Members elect are Messrs. Hall, Slade, and Allen, (Harrison) Gen. Fletcher, (Van Buren.)

We are disappointed in the failure of the 'Vermont Patriot' this week, as we were in that of the 'State Journal' and 'Brattleboro' Messenger' last week—a fortune which usually befalls us in our country papers at the very moment we need them. In the absence of the first of these, we have no reason to doubt that the Whigs have carried their Senators in Orange and Orleans Counties, giving them 19 of the 30, if all their candidates in Windham are elected. We have put the remainder down to the credit of the Van Buren party, though only 7 of them are fully conceded by their opponents. The meeting of the legislature will soon settle all doubts.

The Vermont Watchman has returns of votes for Governor from 179 towns, (the whole number being about 240,) which give Jenison 17,465; Bradley 13,770: majority 3,695. We presume the official majority will not vary much from 4,000. The Harrison Lieut. Governor and Treasurer are elected by a similar vote. The following table is not so full as it should be, but it is the best statement of votes by counties that we are enabled to present:

| Counties. | VOTES FOR GOVERNOR. Jenison. | Bradley. | SENATORS. Whig. | V. B. | REPRESENT'S. Whig. | V. B. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Windham | 1819 | 1596 | 3 | .... | 10 | 11 |
| Bennington | 1248 | 1318 | .... | 2 | 10 | 6 |
| Windsor | 2948 | 1234 | 4 | .... | 17 | 6 |
| Rutland | 2069 | 942 | 3 | .... | 21 | 3 |
| Addison | 1716 | 867 | 3 | .... | 18 | 2 |
| Orange | 1817 | 1559 | 3 | .... | 9 | 8 |
| Washington | 1639 | 2090 | .... | 2 | 8 | 10 |
| Chittenden | 992 | 880 | 2 | .... | 7 | 8 |
| Franklin | 212 | 511 | .... | 3 | 6 | 11 |
| Caledonia | 1099 | 1340 | .... | 2 | 6 | 7 |
| Orleans | 489 | 537 | 1 | .... | 13 | 7 |
| Essex | 109 | 157 | .... | 1 | 3 | 6 |
| Grand Isle | .... | .... | .... | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Total | 16,147 | 11,921 | 19 | 11 | 129 | 79 |

*P. S. Friday.*—The 'Vermont Patriot,' (V. B.,) just received, has returns of votes for Governor from 190 towns, giving Jenison 17,659 votes, Bradley 14,312—majority for Jenison, 3,347. The Editor fears the returns from the remaining 40 towns will increase the majority to nearly 4,000—he hopes not quite. We believe this estimate is very near the truth. The Patriot concedes 18 of the 30 Senators to the supporters of Harrison, claiming 1 in Windham county. He seems to regard the political sentiments of one (and but one) of the Franklin Senators as doubtful. The only fact fully ascertained with regard to the Senate is, that the Whigs have 18 certain, and their opponents half as many, with the best chance for the three remaining. Of the House, the Editor thinks the Van Buren party have carried 100 members, and their Harrison opponents 118—2 doubtful, and many towns not represented. This differs widely from the table above, which we have compiled from the several papers of the State, mainly Opposition—in all cases taking the statement of a paper published in any county for the result in that county, in preference to one issued at a distance.

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ILLINOIS.—We have at length the returns nearly complete, of the recent Congressional Elections in this State. They show the following aggregates:

| Districts. | Van Buren. | Whig. |
|---|---|---|
| I. | Adam Snyder....4612 | Th. J. Gatewood...2264 |
| | John Reynolds....4442 | |
| | Majority for Snyder | 173 |
| II. | Zadock Casey....8014 | A. P. Field....3402 |
| | Majority for Casey | 4612 |
| III. | William L. May..11,366 | John T. Stuart....9461 |
| | Majority for May | 1905 |

An energetic movement is now making in favor of Gen. Harrison in this State. We suspect it is too late to avail any thing.

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TENNESSEE.—Two special elections to fill vacancies in the Legislature of this State have just taken place: One in Blount county, where Dulaney (V. B.) was elected over Fain (W.) by a vote of 750 to 370; the other in Franklin, where Hogan (W.) beat Stuart (V. B.) by 1,090 to 330.

The dinner to Hon. John Bell at Nashville on the 1st inst. was most formidably attended: the number present being estimated at 4,000. The toasts were spicy and significant, but the speaking most unconscionable: Mr Bell and Mr. Peyton together speaking *six hours*. If their supporters endured this with patience, there need be no doubt of their future fidelity.

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"*The Lewis County Republican*" (V. B.) at Martinsburg, N. Y. is offered for sale.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A State Convention of the 'Whig' opponents of Van Buren and Johnson assembled at Worcester on Wednesday the 14th inst. and was called to order by Mr. Sturgis of Boston, who nominated Hon. Mr. Bliss of Springfield President pro tem. A Committee of one from each Congressional District reported the names of Hon. Gideon Barstow of Salem for President, Mess. Julius Rockwell of Pittsfield, A. R. Thompson of Charleston, Davis of Plymouth, and Stearns of Springfield, as Vice Presidents, with four Secretaries. Hon. Messrs. Levi Lincoln and John Davis were invited to take seats as honorary members of the Convention.

The resolutions adopted are couched in the strongest possible spirit of condemnation of the course of the existing General Administration. They are too long for our columns. They reiterate the nominations of DANIEL WEBSTER for President, FRANCIS GRANGER for Vice President, EDWARD EVERETT for Governor, and GEORGE HULL for Lieutenant Governor. The following is the Electoral Ticket presented:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Senatorial | NATHANIEL SILSBEE | Salem. |
| | EDWARD A. NEWTON | Pittsfield. |
| Dist. No. | I. Samuel Appleton | Boston. |
| | II. Leverett Saltonstall | Salem. |
| | III. Benjamin Walker | Lowell. |
| | IV. Loammi Baldwin | Charlestown. |
| | V. Joseph G. B. Kendall | Worcester. |
| | VI. Samuel Lee | Barre. |
| | VII. Thomas Longley | Hawley. |
| | VIII. Isaac C. Bates | Northampton. |
| | IX. Bezaleel Taft | Uxbridge. |
| | X. Howard Lathrop | Easton. |
| | XI. Charles W. Morgan | New-Bedford. |
| | XII. Charles J. Holmes | Rochester. |

The Convention was very fully attended, numbering from four to five hundred members.

Among the incidents of the occasion worthy of remark, (says the Boston Gazette,) it is proper to state, that when the report of the Committee to present the names of candidates for Electors was produced, and the name of Isaac C. Bates appeared among the number, Hon. Barker Burnell of Nantucket rose and read from a speech of Mr. Bates, delivered at a legislative caucus, the sentiment that in the approaching election he should 'rather sink with Daniel Webster than to swim with any other candidate.' On reading this sentiment, Mr. Burnell stated that if this was the principle on which Mr. Bates would act, he should object to his being on the Electoral Ticket, inasmuch as the emergency might arise on which it would be expedient to vote for Gen. Harrison On this, Mr. Bliss of Springfield explained so far as to declare that in case the vote of Massachusetts should be required to give Gen. Harrison a majority, it would undoubtedly be given to him as the available candidate. On this explanation, Mr. Burnell expressed himself as fully satisfied, and the Electoral Ticket then was unanimously accepted.

*The Right of Instruction.*—The Woodstock Vermont Courier gives an anecdote bearing on this right, which is worth repetition. At the late election in that State, the town of Pomfret gave 107 votes for Jenison as Governor and 55 for Bradley; but, owing to local causes, elected a Representative whose politics accorded with those of the minority. Hereupon the member elect addressed his constituents in acknowledgement of the honor done him, &c.&c. declaring that it should be his aim truly to represent them in all things—that he held to the doctrine of instruction—'in short,' he added with emphasis, 'that doctrine is my doctrine.' A gentleman of the opposite faith now rose, and, taking the Representative at his word, proposed a resolution instructing him to vote for a U. S. Senator whose politics accorded with those of his constituents, as tested by their vote just given for Governor. This was a damper. As might *not* have been expected, the first person who rose in opposition to the resolution was the people's very humble servant, the Representative himself! and, after a spirited discussion, it was finally withdrawn, because it was urged against it that many of the voters had left the place of meeting for their homes.

There is much yet to be said with regard to the right of instruction—some of it we intend to say at a favorable opportunity. In the case above cited, the circumstances may be incorrectly stated—we only employ them to illustrate a principle. We doubt the assumption that the Representative is morally bound to vote in the Legislature as a majority of his constituents had done in the election of a Governor, unless such a course were made a condition of his election. That the Representative *is* bound to vote in any given case as his constituents expected him to vote when they elected him, or to resign his seat, we most strenuously maintain. If a novel question arises, and he has reason to believe his constituents are heartily opposed to him, and prefer the loss of his services to the hazard of being misrepresented, he should conform or resign.

## FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ships Pennsylvania, Capt. Smith, and South America, Capt. Waterman, which arrived at this port on Wednesday, from Liverpool, we have London dates to the 23d ult. inclusive.

The news from Spain is of unusual importance. It seems that a revolutionary movement has been attempted at Madrid with complete success, and that the Queen Regent and her infant daughter are now in the hands of the implacable enemies of the Isturitz Ministry, who demand a restoration of the republican Constitution of 1812. It is said that the government of Spain, under this Constitution, is impossible, but the popular will seems imperatively to demand that the attempt shall be made. A change of Ministry is already announced, and the new order of things has probably met with little opposition throughout the Liberal portion of Spain. We have a faint hope that this change will explan and put an end to the recent extraordinary supineness and inefficiency of the Queen's generals. Meantime, the Carlists have availed themselves of the distraction of the Councils and the paralysis of the arms of their opponents, to overrun a great portion of the country. We trust a few days will give another aspect to the affairs of this wretched country.

We do not hope for any beneficial intervention on the part of France and England. The Cabinets of those nations are perplexed by the revolutionary movement, and will hardly know whether a foreign army in Spain could be of any service to the Liberal cause, or with what party it would be impelled to coöperate. They will prefer waiting until their course is plain before them.

The British Parliament was prorogued (adjourned) on the 20th ult. with the usual formalities. We append an account of this ceremony, as presenting a bird's-eye view of the politics and legislation of Great Britain for the current year. The King's Speech has more substance than we are accustomed to find in such windy performances.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Saturday, Aug. 20.

This day Parliament was prorogued with the usual formalities by His Majesty in person. The muster of female beauty and fashion was more than ordinarily numerous. The attendance of Peers was rather scanty. The members of the corps diplomatique filled completely, and indeed somewhat inconveniently, the space set apart for their reception. The body of the house presented a very animated and interesting scene. The *coup d'œil* from the gallery was extremely beautiful.

Soon after 12 o'clock, the Lord Chancellor took the woolsack.

Prayers were read by the Bishop of Bristol.

At twenty minutes after 2 o'clock, His Majesty entered the house, attended by the great officers of state. The Sword of State was borne by Viscount Melbourne, the Cap of Maintenance was borne by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

His Majesty having taken his seat on the throne, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was directed to command the attendance of the Commons forthwith to hear the Royal assent given to a number of bills, and to witness the prorogation of Parliament.

The Speaker, in his state robes, accompanied by a large body of Members, soon after appeared at the bar, when the Rt. Hon. Gentleman addressed His Majesty in nearly the following words:

"*Most Gracious Sovereign:* Your Majesty's faithful Commons have, during the progress of the session which is now about to be closed, taken into consideration many of the subjects recommended to their attention by Your Majesty's most gracious speech from the throne at its commencement. The Commons have passed a measure for the commutation of tithes in England and Wales, after long and anxious deliberation. It is a question beset with many difficulties; but Your Majesty's Commons have grappled with them, and have passed an act in which the rights of property have been carefully respected, and due caution has been taken to protect those rights with sufficient safeguards. It is a measure calculated to remove all causes of dissension between pastors and their flocks, and to give security and certainty to the income of the clergy, as well as to afford free scope and encouragement to agricultural skill and labor. Even if it shall hereafter be found that particular provisions in the act require revision and alteration, still your Majesty's Commons entertain a confident hope and belief that this measure is based on principles which will ultimately be found satisfactory and beneficial. In entering on the examination of the reports of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the established church in England and Wales, your Majesty's Commons have proceeded with that respect which was due to the high authority from which these reports emanated, and with that cautious feeling which was so necessary when changes and alterations were about to be made in those ancient institutions which have so long commanded the reverence and respect of a large portion of your Majesty's subjects. The act which your Majesty's Commons have passed with reference to this subject, by providing for a more equal distribution of episcopal duties and revenues, is most materially calculated to weaken, if it do not wholly remove, the motives for the translation of bishops, and by recognizing the principle and earnestly keeping in mind the due proportion and balance between the amount of duties to be performed and the extent of emolument to be received, your Majesty's Commons believe that the measure will add to the efficiency and usefulness of the church, and will tend to strengthen its hold on the affections of the people. While your Majesty's Commons have accordingly passed two acts—one which makes considerable alteration with respect to the celebration of marriages; while the other provides for a more complete registration of births, deaths, and marriages, all classes of your Majesty's subjects must feel deeply interested in the successful operation of these measures, which bear so strongly on the various relations of domestic life, and on the safe transmission of property. The provisions of these acts have been framed in a liberal spirit, with an ardent desire to remove just causes of complaint, and with the hope of rendering the law generally acceptable, by making it equal and impartial, and manifesting a becoming respect for the feelings and conscientious opinions of those who dissent from the forms of the established church. It has been highly gratifying to your Majesty's Commons, that such is the prosperous and flourishing state of the public revenue, that while they have provided with liberality for the ordinary expenses of the public service and also for some extraordinary exigencies which circumstances render necessary, in order to meet engagements formerly contracted for the most generous and honorable purposes, your Majesty's Commons have yet been able to make a considerable remission of taxation. In the settlement of duties to be regulated and taxes to be removed, your Majesty's Commons have taken care that the relief should be so applied as to give the greatest aid in cases where there was the most unequal pressure, or where the enforcement of the existing law was found to be vexatious. By the equalization of the duties on sugar, the benignant influence of an enlightened legislation will be felt by some of the inhabitants of your Majesty's most distant possessions. I have now only to present to your Majesty the two last bills of supply—the one for applying the sum of 4,000,000*l.* out of the consolidated fund to the service of the year 1836, the other for raising the sum of 14,007,950*l.* by exchequer bills, for the service of the year 1836."

The Royal assent was then given to sundry bills.

His Majesty then delivered the following most gracious speech:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen:* The state of the public business enables me at length to relieve you from further attendance in Parliament; and in terminating your labors, I have again to acknowledge the zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the public business, and the attention which you have bestowed upon the important subjects which I brought under your consideration at the opening of the session.

"The assurances of the friendly dispositions which I receive from all foreign Powers enable me to congratulate you upon the prospect that peace will continue undisturbed.

"I lament deeply that the internal state of Spain still renders that country the only exception to the general tranquility of Europe, and I regret that the hopes which have been entertained of the termination of the civil war have not hitherto been realized.

"In fulfilment of the engagements which I contracted by the treaty of quadruple alliance, I have afforded to the Queen of Spain the coöperation of a part of my naval force, and I continue to look with unabated solicitude to the restoration of the internal peace in Spain, which was one of the main objects of the quadruple treaty, and which is so essential to the interests of all Europe.

"I am happy to be able to inform you that my endeavors to remove the misunderstanding which had arisen between France and the United States have been crowned with complete success. The good offices which for that purpose I tendered to the two governments were accepted by both in the most frank and conciliatory spirit, and the relations of friendship have been re-established between them in a manner satisfactory and honorable to both parties.

"I trust that this circumstance will tend to draw still closer the ties which connect this country with two great and friendly nations.

"I have regarded with interest your deliberations upon the reports of the commission appointed to consider the

state of the dioceses of England and Wales, and I have cheerfully given my assent to the measures which have been presented to me for carrying into effect some of their most important recommendations.

"It is with no ordinary satisfaction that I have learned that you have, with great labor, brought to maturity enactments upon the difficult subject of tithes of England and Wales, which will, I trust, prove in their operation equitable to all the interests concerned, and generally beneficial in their results.

"The passing of the acts for civil registration and for marriages in England, has afforded me much satisfaction. Their provisions have been framed upon those large principles of religious freedom which, with a due regard to the welfare of the Established Church in this country, I have always been desirous of maintaining and promoting; and they will also conduce to the greater certainty of titles and to the stability of property.

"It has been to me a source of the most lively gratification to observe the tranquillity which has prevailed, and the diminution of crimes which has lately taken place, in Ireland. I trust that perseverance in a just and impartial system of government will encourage this good disposition, and enable that country to develope her great national resources.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons:* I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted, not only the ordinary supplies of the year, but the additional sums required to provide for an increase in my naval force.

"I am also gratified to perceive that you have made provision for the full amount of the compensation awarded to the owners of slaves in my colonial possessions, and that the obligations entered into by the Legislature have thus been strictly fulfilled.

"The increased productiveness of the public revenue has enabled you to meet those charges, and at the same time to repeal or reduce taxes, of which some were injurious in their effects upon my people, and others unequal in their pressure upon various parts of my dominions abroad.

"The present condition of manufactures and commerce affords a subject of congratulation, provided the activity which prevails be guarded by that caution and prudence which experience has proved to be necessary to stable prosperity.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen:* The advanced period of the year, and the length of time during which you have been engaged in public affairs, must render you desirous of returning to your respective counties. You will there resume those duties which are in importance inferior only to your legislative functions; and your influence and example will greatly conduce to the maintenance of tranquility, the encouragement of industry, and the confirmation of those moral and religious habits and principles which are essential to the well being of every community."

The Lord Chancellor then, in the usual form, declared it to be His Majesty's will and pleasure, that the Parliament should stand prorogued to Thursday, the 20th of October next.

## SPAIN.

From the *Paris Moniteur.*

*Insurrection at St. Ildefonso.*—The Government has received the following details of what took place on the night of the 12th inst. at St. Ildefonso:—"At 8 in the evening the regiment of provincial militia, about 500 strong, broke into insurrection in their barrack, to the cry of "The Constitution for ever!" "Isabella II. for ever!" and marched under arms to the palace, singing Riego's hymn. The soldiers of the 4th regiment of the Guards, seeing these men coming, joined them. All the officers, without exception, would have nothing whatever to do with this revolt, and the cavalry of the guard took no part in it. At the approach of the insurgents the gates of the palace were shut. The Commandant-general, Count de San Roman, and the officers remaining faithful, endeavored to calm the soldiers, but were not listened to. Cries of 'Death to San Roman,' were mingled with those of 'Death to Quesada.' On the first intelligence of these events, M. D. Rayneval, being detained at home by a heavy indisposition, M. de Boisle-Compte, who had arrived a few days before at St. Ildefonso, and Mr. Villare, the English Embassador, hastened towards the Palace, but could not get admittance, since the drunken soldiery, who obstructed the approach to it, refused to let them go by. They demanded to speak with the commander or the officers, but they were told there were not any and the sub-officers had taken the command. They were forced to retire at the moment when menacing words began to be heard around them. However, the clamor and the vociferations continued; already a small door was driven in, which however did not lead into the interior of the Palace; they began to shake the great gate; some musket-shots were heard, and they talked of getting artillery, and massacreing all in the Palace if the Queen did not accept the Constitution. The Regent, preserving admirable firmness in the midst of general alarm, ordered 12 of the rebellious soldiers to be brought into her presence. She asked them what they wanted; they replied, "the Constition of 1812, and liberty." A long discussion then ensued; the Queen trying to convince them that they did not understand the nature of their demand, and the soldiers confessing that in fact they did not know much about the Constitution, but had been told it was excellent; that it would ameliorate greatly their condition; that it would lower the price of salt, &c.

To these declarations, made in a very insolent tone, were added from time to time protests of devotion to the two Queens. An officer, mistaking or pretending to mistake, the terms of the constitution of 1812, represented to them that this constitution called Don Carlos to the throne instead of his niece. They replied, that as for Don Carlos they would have nothing to do with him; he was a despot. As for the two Queens, they said, it was of no consequence that the constitution repudiated them; the nation was determined to have them, and would know well how to support them. At 2 in the morning, after five hours' resistance, the Queen yielded to the wishes of those who surrounded her; nothing, however, could induce her to swear to the Constitution of 1812; she protested that she would not take any such step, which could only be valid in the presence of the assembled Cortes. All that could be obtained of her was, that she would sign a writing thus worded:—"The Queen authorizes General San Roman to let the soldiers swear to the Constitution until the meeting of the Cortes." The troops immediately returned to their barracks; at 10, when the courier came away, no new incident had taken place. The palace was free; the authorities continued to discharge their functions, and the Minister of Grace and Justice, the only one who was at St. Ildefonso, was giving his orders."

Extract of a letter from Madrid, dated 13th inst.—"After the late measures taken by the authorities for preserving order, we were far from thinking that we were approaching so near to a most serious crisis, which makes us tremble for the fate of the country. The disarmament of the National Guard was accomplished without resistance; and in the course of the 9th and 10th, upwards of 2,700 muskets were delivered up to the alcaides. These arms were conveyed in carts from the several police offices to the depot appointed by General Quesada, who watched over this operation with peculiar care.—Strong detachments of troops escorted the carts to their destination, while the populace looked calmly on without making any opposition, although they appeared armed with heavy bludgeons. The shops in the streets through which they passed, were shut by way of precaution; but the known determination of General Quesada to make signal examples, if compelled to do so, prevented any serious disorders. Only in the evening of the 9th, according to the unhappy habits of this capital, the streets were stained with blood from acts of private vengeance in the quarters inhabited by the lowest orders of the people. It frequently happens here that crime goes hand in hand with political agitation, and assassins are mingled in the crowds of rioters. The knowledge of this induced General Quesada to issue an order forbidding bludgeons to be carried. This order was executed with the same ease as the disarmament of the 5,000 National Guards: and on the 11th not a single man was to be seen with a bludgeon in his hand. The army, faithful to its honor, and obedient to the voice of its chiefs, had remained completely estranged from the manifestations of the ultra Liberals of Andalusia. The late success of General Bernelle had excited the ardor of the soldiers, and spread discouragement through the bands of Villareal.

LONDON, Aug. 22.

We have received the Paris papers of Friday, and accounts from Bayonne of the date of the 16th inst.

The latter notice the arrival of Col. Evans at Bayonne, and describe the British force, which he left in Spain, as being in the most disorganized condition. The English soldiers, it is said, refuse to continue any longer in the Spanish service, and insist upon having their pay given them, and then being sent home.

The object of Col. Evans's journey to Bayonne is represented to have been to obtain, under these embarrassing circumstances, advice and support from General Harispe. It was considered probable that he would not find much difficulty in getting the former; but there appeared to be no likelihood that the latter would be afforded him. Col. Evans has since gone to Santander.

These accounts also announce that the first division of the army of the centre in Spain has declared for the "Constitution." General Soria, who was at the head of that division, refused to sanction the proceeding, and accordingly abandoned the command of the troops.

The French papers publish no intelligence from Madrid.—The mail which left that city on the 9th inst. for France was, it appears, stopped by the Carlists.

LONDON, Aug. 23.

The *Moniteur* of Sunday, which we have received, together with the rest of the French papers of the same day, brings intelligence of the provisional proclamation of the Constitution of 1812 at Madrid; and of a change in the Spanish Ministry.—The following is the announcement in the Moniteur:—

The *Madrid Gazette* of the 15th inst contains the following decrees:—

'The Constitution of 1812 is proclaimed until the meeting of the Cortes, by which the institutions to be given to Spain shall be determined.

'M. Calatrava is appointed President of the Council of Ministers.

'M. Farrer, Minister of France.

'M. Lacuadra, Minister of the Interior.

'General Seoane replaces General Quesada.

'General Rodil is appointed to the command of the Guard, and charged with the general inspection of the militia.

'The state of siege is raised, and the National Guard of Madrid is re-organized.

'The Constitution of 1812 has just been proclaimed at Santander and St. Sebastian.'

Intelligence from Barcelona of the date of the 9th is given in the French papers. The news of the events at Malaga and Saragossa had occasioned a great deal of agitation in that city, and on the 6th General Mina found it necessary to issue a proclamation enjoining the people of Catalonia to preserve the public tranquillity.

A Bordeaux paper states that several regiments of the army of the north have proclaimed the Constitution.

*Newspaper Duty.*—The bill for the reduction of the newspaper duty was to go into operation on the 16th September. The daily papers will then cost five pence apiece.

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From Spain.—We are indebted to a gentleman who came passenger in the ship Ann M'Kim, arrived at Baltimore in 29 days from Gibraltar, for files of the Chronicle published at that station, up to the 14th ult. It contains fresher intelligence from Spain, by several days, than any hitherto received. The following are among the most interesting items:

In declaring Madrid in a state of siege, on the 3d ult., the Queen Governess made it known, that a Military Commission had been appointed for the trial of seditious individuals, and of all other offenders, until a fresh decree shou'd repeal that measure.

On the next day, the Captain General of New Castile, Gen. Quesada, by virtue of the powers conferred upon him by the above declaration, issued a proclamation directing, in substance, as follows:

All individuals are to be arrested that shall be found with arms about the street, if not duly authorized to wear them, as also such as shall make part of groups to run away, they are to be fired upon, or charged with the bayonet or other arms. In case of riot, all on the spot are to be considered as taking part in it. All who shall be apprehended on such occasions, and particularly those who shall excite the riots by ordering the generale, &c. to be beat, or by obeying such orders, as was those who shall wear prohibited arms, or arms of any kind without the requisite permission, or who shall utter seditious cries, or print, post up, or distribute, papers of that description, are declared to be liable to be punished with death. All cries beginning with the words 'Long Live,' or 'Death to,' are prohibited; and such as send them forth, to be punished as directed by the Proclamation. And, last of all, in case of tumult, riot, or alarm of any kind, the Military Commission is immediately to meet, and to continue sitting until the offenders, brought before it, shall have been tried in conformity with the same Proclamation.

The latest Valencia article in the Espanol of the 2d August, states that Quilez's defeat had not been either complete or decisive. After scouring the neighboring country, that leader had returned to his former haunts, prouder than he had come from them.

The article further states, that Serrador was, on the 31st of July, in Caudiel with 3,000 men, threatening Segorbe; that Cabrera had been deprived of the command in chief which had been conferred on an ex-colonel belonging to the Navarrese band, and that Valencia was tranquil. [Philadelphia Gazette.

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From Rio Grande.—We learn verbally from Captain Winsor, and from letters per the William & Henry, at Boston, that the rebels or revolutionists were in the neighborhood of the city, 750 to 1000 strong, cavalry and infantry, and had made several attempts to enter the city, but without success. Rio Grande is entrenched and garrisoned by about 1200 men, and 16 pieces of cannon. The entrenchments were attacked on the night of the 19th July, during a thunder storm, and after a brisk firing for nearly two hours the rebels retired. On the 30th June the rebels, under their chief, Benti Gonsalves, amounting to 700 men, attacked the fortification of Port Alegre, but were repulsed with great loss in killed and wounded. The legal or government party sustained a loss of three killed or wounded. Port Allegre was therefore considered safe. [New-York Gazette.

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*Utica and Oswego Railroad.*—The books of subscription to this company were opened in Oswego, Utica, Albany and New-York, on Monday. The whole amount of capital is $750,000, and the subscriptions in this city were $247,500, being nearly one-third of the requisite sum. There is no doubt but that the whole of the stock has been subscribed for, and that this road, which promises so great advantages to Oswego, will be completed at an early day.

## NEW-YORK.

*.* We will cheerfully take the trouble of returning the *small notes* of New-York, New-England, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, upon the Banks which issued them, through the medium of our city Brokers, if our subscribers desire it. Several have written us inquiring on this point, and we beg leave to assure them, and all others, that we cheerfully receive all notes sent us which are not more than 2 per cent discount. (☞ We have some subscribers on our list from whom even Michigan paper would be gladly taken.) Those who incline to favor the policy of driving the small notes out of circulation cannot do better than by forwarding them to us, as they are thus returned through the Brokers to the counters of the Banks at the earliest period.

☞ Our subscribers in the Northern Counties of this State and the adjoining section of Canada are informed that we have made a settlement with Mr. Gorr, our former Agent in that quarter, which we trust will remove the difficulties which have so long existed between us. All receipts given by Mr. Gorr for payments made to him prior to August, 1835, (when we gave public notice of the suspension of his Agency,) will in any event hold good against us. All receipts for moneys paid him since that time, will also be acknowledged by us, *provided the sums so paid and receipted are accounted for in the returns made by him to us*, or due notice of their payment has in any way been given to this office. We trust these provisions include all the moneys paid to him, and that all difficulties are now at an end. We have certainly made great sacrifices to produce such a result. Our subscribers in that region will be called on in the course of the Autumn by an Agent fully accredited by us; and we trust those who may be in arrears to us will be prepared to welcome him.

"*Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington.*"—We believe these Conversations have already been republished in a collected form in this country—but that is of but little moment. Our acquaintance with them dates from their original appearance in the pages of the London New Monthly Magazine. Many doubts of their entire authenticity have been expressed, but their interest and cleverness is beyond the reach of scepticism. Those who have not yet read them may spend six hours profitably and pleasantly in so doing. The book, for a wonder, is quite decently printed. (Pp. 180 close 12mo. Philadelphia; Carey & Hart. New-York; C. Shepherd, 189 Broadway.)

"*The Rose.*"—We have here a new edition of a rather oldish novel—that is, one that has been in existence a few years. It is a wretched affair, any how, and should never have been published at all in this country. We have looked over three or four chapters with some attention, and find nothing to interest any one but the most reckless libertine, who has 'finished his education' in the saloons of London and Paris. Corrupt in morals, tedious in narration, and monotonous in style and incident, we trust its stupidity may deter even those from its perusal who might be attracted by its profligacy. (2 vols. Carey & Hart. New-York: C. Shepherd, 189 Broadway.)

"*Young Men's Manual.*"—A small but neat volume bearing this title, and consisting of a treatise on "The Genuineness and Authenticity of the New Testament, by Timothy Dwight, D.D." and "An Answer to the Inquiry, 'Why are you a Christian?' by John Clarke, D.D." has just been published by P. R. Gleason, & Co. Hartford, Conn. We heartily recommend it to the favor of that class for whose benefit it is specially designed, to all who have any tinge of scepticism with regard to the propositions affirmed, and to those who would wish to fortify themselves more strongly against the cavils of infidelity. (New-York: Leavitt, Lord & Co.)

"*Brownlee on Popery.*"—A third edition of this little volume has just been published by J. S. Taylor, Park Row. We have already spoken of the character of this work, which treats of Romanism as a dangerous foe to free institutions.—A not very prepossessing likeness of Dr. Brownlee faces the title-page.

*Portrait of Edwin Forrest.*—An expressive portrait of the distinguished American Tragedian has just been published by C. Alexander, from a portrait by Sully. It may be obtained of Bancroft & Holley, 8 Astor Building, Broadway.

*The Bowery Theatre* in this city was burnt to the ground on Thursday morning. The fire was first discovered about 5 o'clock, A. M., but too late to save the building, or any considerable portion of its contents. The money and most valuable papers were rescued from the iron safe by Mr. Harrison, of the Theatre, by energetic and hazardous exertion, assisted by a Mr. Moore. Mr. Harrison was taken out of the house insensible. The smoke was so dense and the flames so far advanced when discovered, that it was found impossible to save any of the extensive scenery, dresses, &c. with which the building was filled. There was no insurance on any of the property; and Mr. Hamblin's loss alone is estimated at near $100,000. Miss Medina's loss is estimated at $20,000; and a number of stockholders and actors have lost considerably.

As many as one hundred persons are thrown out of employment by this calamity, besides those who were employed occasionally.

The Theatre was 140 feet by 40, built eight years since on the ruins of a then recent conflagration. The last insurance expired on the 18th inst. and Mr. Hamblin was negotiating for its renewal.

The fire is attributed to an incendiary; but we are slow to believe it, knowing how easily fire may be lodged in some unsuspected place by the discharge of musketry, &c. in a theatre, and remain dormant for hours. We understand there had been a plentiful discharge of fire-arms the preceding evening, in the new drama of Lafitte.—The Theatre will of course be immediately rebuilt.—No other buildings of consequence were destroyed.

*A Brutal Murder* was perpetrated in this city during the night of Thursday, 15th inst. by Samuel Ackley, on the person of his wife Alice Ackley, at the corner of Rivington and Essex-streets. A man named Leger, who lived in the same room with them, is suspected of a participation in the crime. The details are too horribly revolting for publication. The Coroner's jury first summoned returned a verdict of "Death from Intemperance;" but, from subsequent discoveries, a new inquest was held, and the fact of the murder clearly established. The parties were all recent emigrants to this country, and addicted to the grossest intemperance. Both the murderer and his suspected accomplice are in custody.

*Great Robbery.*—The steamboat Rhode Island, on her trip from this city to Newport and Providence, was robbed on Monday night of *thirty-nine thousand dollars* in gold, which had been placed in the Captain's office for safe keeping. It was secured in a small keg, which was forced open during the night, after the captain left the office. The villains must have climbed along side of the boat, and in at the window, breaking the blind, opened the keg with a chisel, and abstracted the money, returning the way they came, and leaving the boat at Newport. The money was insured at Boston; but doubts are entertained of the validity of the insurance, in this case.—A lighted lamp and a box of lucifer matches were found on the desk when the office was opened in the morning, but no notice was taken of the circumstance, until the money was about to be removed on nearing Providence, when it was found that the task had already been performed, most effectually. No trace of the robbers has yet been discovered.

*Trial for Murder.*—Johan, alias Peter Holm, the Danish sailor who killed the watchman Hudson on the night of the 29th ult. was tried for the offence on Thursday. The prisoner was ably defended by H. M. Western, Esq. The prosecution was conducted by the District Attorney. No material facts were elicited beyond those given in our account of the murder. At 10 minutes to 12 o'clock, the Jury returned a verdict of *Manslaughter* in the first degree. (The punishment of this offence is ten years confinement in the State Prison.)

*Suicide.*—Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, wife of Mr. Robert Rowe, residing at No. 244 Cherry street, died about 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning from the effect of a wound which she inflicted upon herself, while in a state of partial derangement, on Friday, 9th inst., by cutting her throat with a razor.

*Patrick Shannon*, indicted for the capital offence of arson, setting fire to the dwelling of George W. Bruen, Esq., was tried before the Court of Oyer and Terminer on Tuesday. The case was given to the jury at half past 9 o'clock, who retired, and after deliberating about an hour, came into court with a verdict of not guilty.—Shannon was then remanded to prison, to await his trial for the burglary.

*Horace W. Elliott, Esq.*, postmaster at Goshen, has been appointed First Judge of the Orange county courts, in the place of the Hon. Gilbert Ogden Fowler, of Newburgh, resigned.

*Fire in Pittsburg.*—Between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, on Thursday night last, a fire broke out in the Rolling Mill and Nail Factory belonging to S. Smith & Co, situated on Penn street, contiguous to the Water Works, which entirely destroyed the works before it was extinguished. [Pittsburg Adv. Sept. 10.

*Murder of the Rev. Evan Roberts.*—The body of the Rev. Evan Roberts, of Steuben, Oneida Co., was found in the Lock at the Little Basin this morning. An inquest was held, and testimony introduced which leaves no reasonable ground to doubt that he was murdered, and robbed of his watch and about $100 in money. Mr. Roberts was on his way to New-York, with a span of horses which had been put on board a tow-boat.

It has been stated in the New-York papers that Mr. Roberts fell overboard and was drowned while intoxicated. This is utterly untrue. He was a clergyman in good standing, and a perfectly temperate man.

[Albany Eve. Jour. Sept. 16.

*Lynch Law in Ohio.*—A letter to the Editor of the Hillsborough (O.) Gazette, dated Sinking Springs, Sept. 4, gives the following history of an elegant affair in the club-law line, which recently disgraced that neighborhood. We give the substance of it, as highly illustrative of the spirit of the times:

"About three weeks since, a man by the name of Weed came into this place to lecture on the Abolition question. He appointed an evening to lecture, and on that evening eight or ten men from Sunfish Creek came into town and told some of Mr. Weed's friends that he, Weed, should not bear him in peace. Mr. Weed's friends replied that he should lecture, let the result be what it might. Accordingly, at the appointed time Mr. Weed commenced lecturing, and the Sunfish company commenced throwing eggs upon him. A justice of the peace who was present caused the mob to be arrested: after keeping them in custody a few moments, he told them go, if they would go away. They agreed so to do, and did go. Mr. Weed then finished his lecture. After he was through, some of the citizens requested him to leave the village. He said he would do so if his friends wished it; but his friends said they wished him to lecture, and would defend him. The next evening he lectured again; and on the third day seventy or eighty men from Sunfish came into town to duck him; but he never made his appearance. They then returned home, without molesting any person. Mr. Weed delivered three or four lectures subsequently, without being disturbed.

"Some eight or ten days afterwards the Abolitionists of the village concluded that it would not do for Sunfish to dictate to them, and determined to punish them for the course they had taken. On Wednesday last they caused warrants to be issued for them. The constable who was at first very loth to serve the warrants, apprehending danger from the persons upon whom they were to be served, summoned all the Abolitionists of the village, and told them if they wanted the Sunfish men brought to justice, they were the persons to do it. About 3 o'clock, A. M., the constable, with ten or fifteen Abolitionists, took up their line of march to Houlton's mill, on Sunfish, six miles east of this place, where some seventy or eighty of the citizens of Sunfish had collected for the purpose of making battle. Before the constable and his guard had reached the battle ground they were met by two of the Sunfish party, and advised not to go any further as they would not be taken. The Abolitionists say that the constable told them to go on—he says he did not. At all events they went, and the battle commenced: one of the Sunfish party was stabbed with a knife, and was the only person seriously injured during the engagement—the constable and his party were forced to run to save their lives.

"The citizens of Sunfish wish to have the matter settled on peaceable terms, and are perfectly willing to drop it as it is; but they say they never will be taken by force."

New Orleans, Sept. 7.

Rarely has our city, too fruitful in scenes of blood been marked by an occurrence more appalling and disastrous than that which signalized the night of the 5th.

It is painful to go into a brief review of the causes which led to these deplorable transactions, but it is our duty so to do, upon receiving such information as can be relied upon. Since the death of Mr. Brax by Giquel, a very considerable excitement has prevailed in our city against the latter, and was much augmented upon his being discharged from confinement by giving bail.

Giquel it is known, was first brought before Judge Preval, one of the associate justices, who after hearing testimony, and the law bearing upon the subject, gave his decision against the admission of Giquel to bail, who was then committed to prison to await his trial at the ensuing session of the Criminal Court. The decision whether just or not appeared at least to be a popular one, which however is by no means an unerring test of its soundness.

The decision of Judge Preval was based on the act of 1807, by which in capital offences, and some other enumerated ones, the accused was precluded from the benefit of bail.

Upon the failure of being admitted to bail by Judge Preval, the counsel for Giquel obtained a writ of habeas corpus, upon which he was brought before Judge Bermudez, he being empowered as a Judge of the Probate Court, to issue and determine on such process. After a long examination of witnesses, and a patient attention to counsel on both sides, Judge Bermudez, on Monday last, decided that the accused had a right to be admitted to bail, which was accordingly taken in the sum of $15,000 and Giquel was discharged from confinement.

It was apparent that public feeling was still against the decision, and that some excitement was occasioned by it. Little however did we imagine that it would extend so far as to produce the lamentable results on Monday night. On this night it appears that some personal friends of Mr. Brax, who had been killed by Giquel, in company with several other individuals, feeling exasperated at the release of Giquel, and the Judge who was the author of it, proceeded to the residence of Judge Bermudez, with a view

to Lynch him, or to inflict some severe punishment upon his person.

They knocked at the door of his house, which, upon being opened by him some individuals demanded if he were Judge Bermudez, and if he were, that he must come and go along or march with them. One of the individuals, Mr. Bailey, we are informed, put his hands on the Judge, using some force, with a view to get him along, in consequence of which a scuffle ensued, which resulted in the death of Mr. Bailey, he being stabbed with a sword. A Mr. Egan was at the time engaged in the attack on the Judge, and was killed by the discharge of a double barrelled gun, by a young man passing the night in the house of the Judge. Upon the death of these individuals, the others in front immediately left. These are in substance the particulars of this lamentable business, so far as we have heard. That two young men of fine prospects, who hold a highly respectable standing in society, with a large circle of relatives and friends to lament with bitterness their death, should have lent themselves in an evil hour to these most unfortunate and illegal measures, it is to us a source of unaffected grief. [New Orleans Bulletin.

*A Mortal Combat* —A friend at Waterloo, under date of the 17th inst. has informed us of one of the most glaring outrages ever witnessed in a civil community. It happened on the south side of the river opposite Waterloo, and not far from a place called Chickasaw.

A man by the name of Garrett, who lived at the house of Abel Mentzer, was very much abused, (tongue-lashed we suppose,) on the evening of the 17th inst., by two men —George Nihton and William Farney, when a fight ensued between Garrett and his two foes, Nihton and Farney. In the midst of the conflict, Garrett's wife came to the relief of her husband with a gun; as soon as she appeared with the gun, she was knocked prostrate by Farney; and on recovering from the blow, she seized a large knife, and with it gave Farney one mortal stab, while he and Nihton were beating her husband to death. Both Garrett and Farney died instantly; the one from the blows inflicted by Nihton and Farney; and the other fell by the hands of Garrett's wife. She was much injured in the battle—our correspondent does not know whether she will recover or not—Nihton made his escape—Garrett and Farney were both dead before our informant could get across the river and arrive at the scene of death,

One cannot help sympathizing with the wife of Garrett; a more tragical instance of the faithfulness of a wife, we do not remember ever to have heard of.

Such a state of society, if society it can be called, is horrible indeed. It is time the county of Franklin should extend the strong arm of the law over her new territory, and put a stop if possible to such outrages upon humanity. [Florence, Ala. Gaz.

ATHENS, (Ga.) Sept. 10.

*Melancholy Occurrence.*—We have to record another melancholy instance of the disastrous consequences of the revengeful passions to which human nature is more or less subject, and which when uncontrolled, occasionally bursts forth, destroying him against whom it is directed, and him who indulges it. The catastrophe to which we now have reference, took place on the morning of Saturday last, about a mile and a half from this place on the Jefferson road. The facts, as we understood them, are briefly these: —Two wagoners, one a Mr. Evans of Gwinnett county, the other named Stephen Garner, of Hall, had been travelling from Augusta together, and on the road each had at different times paid money for the other in settling their expenses. Being about to separate, they had set down to see how their accounts stood, when a difficulty occurred as to the payment of a small balance supposed by Evans to be due to him. Garner did not admit the debt, which induced Evans to make some expression that irritated him. He immediately struck him with his fist, got up and struck him again—perhaps kicked him also—and then started for his wagon to get his whip, as he said for the purpose of chastising him. But before he returned Evans had fallen over and died immediately. Garner instantly made his escape, and though pursued, has not as we have heard, yet been taken. [Southern Banner.

*Club Law.*—A gentleman by the name of Wm. A. Harrison, says the Clarksburg Courier, a member elect of the Virginia Legislature, was waylaid near his own residence, and unmercifully beaten by two sons of Judge Duncan. After they had thrashed and beat him and knocked him down several times with clubs, one of them held a loaded pistol to his head, threatening to blow his brains out if he made any further inquiries into the conduct of their father. They were arrested and bound over in the sum of $300, but their dear pa, the Judge, sent them to college the next day. A battle royal soon after took place between the friends of the parties, and it is said that not a man is to be seen in Clarksburg, without a black eye or a bruised face.

*The Quebec Fire.*—The number of buildings destroyed by the fire on Saturday in Quebec was ten dwelling houses and six ware houses or stores. The total loss is estimated at from $260,000 to $300,000 on which there was an insurance of about one half of the amount destroyed.

PORTUGAL.—The *Messager des Chambres* of Saturday, has the following:—"Letters received this morning at Paris announce that a violent insurrection broke out on the 8th of Aug. at Oporto. In the beginning the insurgents had the worst of it; but there is every reason to believe, from the contents of the letters, that the struggle was renewed, or that the authorities gave way, and that at the present hour the Constitution of 1812 had been proclaimed in that city. We are induced to think so, because a commission had been appointed by mutual agreement between the insurgents and the authorities to proceed to Lisbon, and submit to the Queen, in energetic terms, the grievances of the city. The deputation was about to start at the moment when the courier departed who has brought this intelligence. The Constitution of 1812 was proclaimed at Chirlana, on the 1st of August. On the same day the Constitution was proclaimed at Medina Sidonia. Juntas are every where organizing, and the example of Cadiz has been followed in the principal towns of the south."

A Paris paper of August 19, says, The king, by an ordinance of the 4th inst. has appointed M. Serrurier to be his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Rio Janeiro, and M. Edward Pontais, in the same quality, to the United States of America.

Administration was taken out on the 17th August to the effects of the late Mr. Rothschild in Great Britain, which were sworn to be under £1,000,000 sterling, and the probate duty amounted to £15,000.

Mr. N. M. Rothschild's will gives £20,000 per annum to his widow, with his house in Piccadilly and that purchased by him from the princess Amelia, and all the furniture, plate and jewels; £120,000 to each of his daughters; £1,000 to each of his wife's brothers, and £500 to each of her sisters. £10,000 to Mr. Cohen, one of the executors; some charitable donations; and the residue to be equally divided between his four sons, who are to continue the business exactly as heretofore, in conjunction with the houses in Vienna, Frankfort and Paris.

TEXAS.—A letter in the Nashville Republican of Sept. 8th, from an officer of the Texian army, dated Camp Coletto, Aug. 5, ten miles west of Victoria, says the army consists of 1500 men, in good health and spirits, under the command of Gen. Rusk. Gen. Houston was daily expected. The letter adds:

"The camp talk is that we are to proceed in a few days to Matamoras, which lies beyond the Rio Grande and outside of the Texian territory. The object is to burn the town, which consists of 15,000 inhabitants, and then retreat, driving every thing before us which can possibly sustain the army in a march of three or four hundred miles, and fall back upon the Guadaloupe or some other stream and there wait the approach of the enemy, who, if they come at all, will be whipped. Houston, it is thought, will oppose this movement, in which case we will march to Galveston, or Velasco, or Copano, and prepare for an early fall campaign. Santa Ana and suite are at Columbia, on the Brassos, strongly guarded, and it is understood will shortly be ordered to the army."

*American Board of Foreign Missions.*—The twenty-seventh annual meeting of this board commenced at Hartford on the 14th and closed on the 16th inst. From the treasurer's report, we learn that the expenses of the board for the year are $210,407 54—the receipts $176,232 52. The present debt of the board $38,836 57. The amount of the permanent fund is $43,639 31; and the permanent fund for officers, $41,767 53.

Mr. Green, one of the secretaries, introduced a resolution that the prudential committee consider the expediency of appointing an additional secretary for the city of New-York; and if they think proper, appoint a temporary secretary, until the next meeting of the board. This resolution was adopted.

On Thursday afternoon, the sacrament was administered to a large number of communicants in the Center church, and addresses delivered by Rev. Dr. De Witt and Rev. Dr. Beman.

On Thursday evening, a meeting was held in the Center church, at which a summary and extracts from the report of the prudential committee, were read by one of the secretaries of the board, and addresses made by Rev. Morris Read, Rev. David Abeel, Rev. Mr. Plummer, and Rev. Dr. Beecher. Cards for subscription were left in the seats. The amount of subscription is, in cash, $12,000, and about $12,000 in pledges.

The Board met on Friday morning, at half-past 9 o'clock. Prayer by President Allen of Bowdoin College. The officers of the board for the last year, were reëlected for the present year,—Henry Cutter, Esq. of Portland, Henry Dwight, Esq. of Geneva, Hon. Thomas S. Williams, of Hartford, and Henry Hudson, Esq. of Hartford, were chosen members of the board. The meeting was closed with prayer by Rev. Dr. Church, of N. H.

The place for the next meeting of the board is Newark, New Jersey—Rev. Dr. John McDowell, of Philadelphia, preacher, and Rev. Dr. Humphrey, alternate.

[Commercial Advertiser.

THE CREEKS.—Col. Alford's letter contains the last and only news we have from the Creeks. The gang with which he had a fight and succeeded in driving from the Chickasawhatchee swamp on the 5th August, were pursued by Catain Hentz to the Florida line, where he overtook them on the 12th, and received from their hands a smart brushing—their number being much greater than he expected—being from 80 to 100 warriors. Capt. H having only 30 men, fell back with a loss of four wounded. On the next day he was joined by Col. Alford with a considerable force; and they pursued the Indians into a thick swamp on the Withlacoochy, when they came up with them and retook a number of horses and other plunder; but could not bring the Indians, who fled 'every which way,' to an engagement.

Colonel Alford and his brave men continued to scour the swamp for several days, but could find no Indians. It is his opinion they are secreted in the great Okefenokee swamp.

WASHINGTON, Georgia, Sept. 8.

*Fugitive Creeks.*—A captive squaw has stated, that all the Creeks who have heretofore fled towards Florida, were to remain two months in Okefenokee swamp, to await the arrival of their followers, when all were to march in a body to Florida.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Sept. 7.

Since our last we have heard of no new movements of the Indians and nothing of importance has transpired on the part of our troops. The forces which marched last week for Newnansville have not yet been heard from. All seems to be calm and will probably continue so until the next new moon, at which time the Indians generally start out on new expeditions; but they have destroyed nearly all they can get at and the remaining settlements are so well protected, that they cannot do much more damage.

UPPER CANADA.—On the 19th, Mr. Hume presented a petition from a member of the lower House of Assembly of Upper Canada, complaining of the conduct of Sir F. Head and others, in overawing the recent elections, in the sudden creation of thousands of votes, by granting patents of land, &c. The Colonial Secretary defended the course of Sir F. Head, said the petition emanated from a disappointed political party, but that the subject should be investigated.

*Fire in Liverpool.*—On the 23d of August, an extensive fire occurred at Liverpool in the ware house of Messrs. Sands, Hodgson & Co. An adjoining building filled with rum, belonging to Messrs. Ewart, Myers & Co. was in great danger.—1,000 bales of cotton, valued at £15,000, was consumed. The property was all insured.

*Another Steamboat Explosion.*—The Wheeling Gazette gives the details of another steamboat explosion and loss of life, the consequence of a race with a rival boat, which occurred on the 8th inst., on board the steamboat Commerce, on her upward passage from Louisville, Kentucky. It appears that the Commerce had been running a race with the Paul Jones, from the same port, and having to land a lady about 15 miles from Louisville, sent her ashore in the yawl, while the boat, for fear of falling behind, proceeded on her journey. She had not gone much farther, before another passenger had to be landed; but as they now had no yawl, they were compelled to run the boat in to land. While lying there, instead of letting off steam, they continued to increase it, and just as the boat put out from the shore one of her boilers burstet. In a moment after the explosion took place, many voices were heard from the river, crying out for help; but owing to the confusion on the boat, the darkness of the night, and the absence of the yawl, no assistance could be rendered to the sufferers. The result of this '*accident*,' according to the Cincinnati Post, is the loss of THREE human lives. The accident is also admitted to have been produced as above mentioned, by engaging in a race with another boat. Is it not high time that the arm of the law was interposed to prevent such criminal conduct?

The editor of the Wheeling paper closes his account of this melancholy disaster with the following remarks:

Scarcely a week passes that we are not called upon to record some such accident as the above—ninety-nine out of a hundred are caused by sheer carelessness. We would, in consideration of this fact, ask if something should not be done by the public towards breaking up this system of 'wholesale murder.'

*Arrangements at Washington.*—The Army and Navy Chronicle says that it is very probable that C. A. Harris, Esq. will continue to act as Secretary of War, for the remainder of the term. Mr. Butler, the Attorney General, who was mentioned as being likely to fill this station *ad interim*, is not expected in Washington until the 1st of November; and the short time that will elapse before a new President comes into office, would render a change inexpedient as well as unnecessary.

*Foreign Indemnities.*—We learn from the Washington Globe that all the instalments as yet due from France and Naples, have been paid; and also a portion of the Spanish indemnity.

### Political Items.

*Hon. Daniel Sheffer*, of Adams, has been nominated for Congress by the supporters of Van Buren in the Adams and Franklin District, Pa. He is called upon by his opponents to resign the office of Judge, which he has held for twenty-three years, on accepting this nomination.—There is a difference between the Whigs and Anti-Masons in this District which renders his success over Mr. McSherry (Anti) not impossible.

*Ferrand F. Merrill, Esq.* of Montpelier has been appointed Secretary of State pro tem. by the Governor and Council of Vermont, vice Timothy Merrill, Esq. deceased.

*Col. Samuel Paynter*, it is now fully determined, will continue to the end the regular Van Buren candidate for Congress in the First District, Philadelphia. Hon. J. B. Sutherland will be his opponent. The Whigs, as such, nominate no candidate, but will generally support Dr. Sutherland. The contest excites great interest.

*Jacob Hammer, Esq.* who beat Mr. Conrad of Bribery notoriety at a special election in Schuylkill county, Pa. last winter, has been nominated for re-election by the friends of Harrison and Granger. The Miners' Journal states that the Harrison ticket in that county consists of William Audenreid (Anti-Masonic) for Congress, Jacob Seitzinger (Muhlenberg Jackson) for Senate, and Jacob Hammer (Wolf Jackson) for the House.

*Railroads at the West.*—The surveys for a Railroad from Buffalo to Erie, Pa. (90 miles) are now actively progressing. It is now expected that a few years will serve to complete *two* full routes of Railroad from this city to Erie, and one reaching from Erie to Boston.

"The Casadaga and Erie Railroad" will probably be commenced next season, intersecting the New-York and Erie Railroad at the junction of the outlet of Chautauque Lake with the Casadaga Creek, and running through Jamestown to Erie, Pa. The route we believe from partial acquaintance to be extremely favorable.

A "Northumberland and Erie Railroad" is contemplated, to connect the Pennsylvania Improvements on the West Branch of the Susquehanna with the Lake at Erie. A Convention of the friends of this enterprise will be held at Williamsport, Lycoming Co. Pa. on the 16th November.

*Railroad in Vermont.*—An application will be made to the next Legislature of Vermont for the incorporation of a company to construct a Railroad from Bennington in the south part of that State through the Counties of Bennington, Rutland, Addison, Chittenden and Franklin, to the line of Canada in the direction of Montreal. We remark that there are names affixed to the notice which guarantee a vigorous prosecution of the enterprise.

*Branch Bank at Erie, Pa.*—The following gentlemen have been elected Directors of the Branch of the Pennsylvania U. S. Bank located at Erie: Hon. Thomas H. Sill, Samuel Hays, Josiah Kellogg, George A. Elliot, William Kelley, William Fleming, Charles M. Reed, Isaac G. Williams, and H. J. Huidekoper, Esqrs. Mr. Benson, late Cashier of the Branch at Cincinnati, has been appointed to the like station in this Branch.

*Caution to Boys.*—The Taunton (Mass.) Independent Gazette describes a case of insanity in that town in the person of a lad fourteen years of age, caused by a habit of occasionally *standing on his head*, as the feat is termed, thus inducing an undue fullness of the blood vessels in that region, and producing such a pressure on the brain, as to interrupt its proper functions.

*Valuable Discovery.*—A very rich mine, yielding two-thirds *alum* and one-third *copperas*, has been discovered by Mr. Joseph S. Loomis, on his farm in Sheridan. It has the appearance of being very extensive, if not inexhaustible, and we understand that he is making arrangements for having it worked, as he should not fail to do.
[Fredonia Censor.

*Fire at Fairhaven, Mass.*—The oil and candle manufactory of Capt. Jabez Delano, Jr. was destroyed by fire on Monday morning. The loss is estimated at about $14,000, including a quantity of spermaceti, valued at from 11 to $12,000, belonging to Mr. Oliver Crocker, of New-Bedford. The building was of stone and was uninsured, as was also Mr. Delano's. Mr. Crocker's property was insured in Providence.

## Married,

On Thursday, 15th inst. by Rev. J. Kennady, Mr. Philander B. Grant to Miss Caroline R. Greene.

On Thursday, by the same, Mr. James M. Cox, to Miss Charlotte Warlow.

On Sunday, by Rev. J. Raine, Mr. John T. Cowen to Miss Elizabeth Kent.

On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John W. Lasson to Miss Margaret Bunsher.

On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Middleton, Mr. John Folsom to Miss Hannah Wilkinson.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. White, Mr. Norwood Bowne to Miss Priscilla C. Berry.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Stilwell, Mr. Jacob Shaw to Miss Ann Riley.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Brouner, Mr. Alfred Roach to Miss Mary Wintringham.

On Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Doyle to Miss Julia A. Flagg, of Williamsburgh, L. I.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Dr. Schroeder, Mr. William Brown to Miss Susan Lake.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Mr. Arbuckle, Mr. W. B. F. Randolph to Miss Laura M. Craig.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr Charles Roome to Miss Anna C. Wheeler.

On Wednesday, by Alderman Clarke, Mr. Daniel G. Clarke to Miss Susan Swift.

At Cwasco Beach, on the 12th inst. by Rev. Robert Kirkwood, Judge Doe, of Waterford, to Mrs. G. C. Bryan, of Troy.

## Died,

On Monday, James Christie, aged 19 years.
On Monday, Rebecca M. wife of D. Fanshaw, aged 44 years.
On Monday, Caroline S. daughter of John Lowery.
On Monday, Mr. Philip Dickenson, aged 56 years.
On Monday, Mr. Robert Giles Hall, aged 27 years.
On Monday, Mrs. Sarah Fuller, aged 59 years.
On Tuesday, Miss Mary Johnston.
On Tuesday, Mr. Alexander Lewis, aged 74 years.
Onn Wednesday, Mr. Theodore Oliver. aged 44 years.
On Wednesday, Mr. Charles Kasey.
At Lodi, on the 11th inst. Hon. Albert O. Barke, aged 32 years.
At Harrisburgh, on the 9th inst. Hugh Hamilton, Esq. late Editor of the 'Chronicle.'

At Ripley, Chautauque Co. on the 13th inst. Gen. William C. Dickson, of Cherry Valley, Otsego Co.

In Boston, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Sally Foster, wife of Hon. Harrison Gray Otis.

In Warren, Hon John Trott, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Bristol, R. I. aged 61 years.

☞ "We observe that Messrs. Saunders & Otley, of London and this city, have announced for immediate publication the following important new books:—a new work by Mr. Bulwer, entitled "Cromwell," and "The Duchess of La Valliere."—"The Life of Mrs. Hemans," by Mr. Chorley, embellished with the London plates—and "The Memoirs of the Prince Lucien Bonaparte," written by himself; of each of which, we are informed, *they* are the *only authorized* publishers in this country. Saunders & Otley have in their possession the express written authority of the authors of these works, consigning them to *their care, for the author's own behoof and advantage.*—We trust, therefore, that no present obliquity in our existing copyright law, will induce any *other* house to forget that courtesy—ought we not to say *justice*—which the author, as well as the artisan and the mechanic, is fairly entitled to receive as the legitimate reward of his own industry and talent. We, however, incline to think that no house will now be found thus to plunder an author of his hard-earned reward, by pirating his works; and we are very confident that the good feeling of our countrymen would unhesitatingly discourage such an unworthy proceeding. The above-named enterprising house publish their new works simultaneously in both countries, by printing from duplicate manuscripts, thereby preventing the possibility of any rival publisher having the chance of a copy, till the authorized edition appears." sep23:1t [N. Y. Weekly Messenger.

☞ Messrs. Saunders & Otley announce that the Memoirs of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, now nearly completed, will be issued early in the ensuing week.

By an advertisement in the public prints, it will be seen, that Messrs. Harpers say, they have the same work in *their* press, and *nearly* ready.

The following facts will enable the public to decide on the truth of this statement, and if *true*, on the moral rectitude of the attempt to which it relates. In consideration of an ample sum of money, the author, as appears from the subjoined certificate, has conferred exclusive authority on Messrs. Saunders & Otley to publish the above named work, in England, France, and America; and, it is certain, he has not transmitted any duplicate or counterpart of his manuscript to the Messrs. Harpers, in contravention of his contract. Nor have they yet succeeded in procuring any printed sheets from the Bindery of Messrs. Saunders & Otley; although their Clerk very modestly visited the said Bindery on Tuesday last, and made certain inquiries relative to the work, which, taken in connection with their advertisement, was well calculated to excite some suspicion as to the motive of his visit.

Without venturing a single comment, Messrs. Saunders & Otley submit these facts to the trade and to the public. They only ask is it *true*, as the Messrs. Harpers state in their advertisement, that they have the Memoirs of Prince Lucien in *their* press and *nearly* ready; and if they have, improbable as it may appear, are they acting in conformity with moral rectitude in publishing this work?

We quote the authority of the Prince, now in the hands of his publishers:

"The Prince of Canino hereby declares that he has appointed Messrs. Saunders & Otley, of Conduit-street, London, to be the publishers of his 'Memoirs' in England, France, and America, and in either country they are the only authorized publishers of the same.

[Signed] sep23:1t "L. PRINCE DE CANINO."

☞ It must not be forgotten that Blitz, the Magician, holds forth at Niblo's this coming week. He is considered equal to any of his competitors, and many of his deceptions are truly wonderful. All who have not seen him can scarcely do better than give him an evening. *


THE NEW-YORKER—QUARTO FORM—NEW SERIES.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

The Publishers of the New-Yorker commenced in March last, a weekly edition of their publication in quarto form, and made, as they thought, ample provision for supplying as great a number of subscibers as their most flattering hopes led them to believe would patronize the work under its then new arrangement. They have been deceived—agreeably so, in their calculations, inasmuch as the favor shown to the publication rapidly absorbed the whole edition, and constant orders are received for copies, which the Publishers have been unable to supply. With a view to obviate this difficulty, and meet the wishes of the many who desire to patronize the work, the Publishers have resolved to neutralize the blank in the current order of the volume, by changing so far the present arrangement, as to furnish *two volumes in a year*, in lieu of one, as stated in the original prospectus.

On the Twenty-Fourth of September next, therefore, will be issued the first number of a new series of the Quarto New-Yorker, or No. 1 of Vol. II. thus affording to new subscribers an opportunity of beginning with a distinct volume, entirely unconnected with the one preceding, while our original patrons will be advantaged in receiving their copies in a form calculated better for binding in a convenient volume, than under the old arrangement. The distinguishing line between the old and new Series will be indicated at the head of the first page of every number; and as no change is contemplated in the size or quality of the work, no inconvenience can result to those who have taken it from the commencement; while, on the other hand, it presents the features of an entirely new publication to those who may date their subscription with the new volume.

Under its improved arrangement, the whole edition for one year will embrace two semi-annual volumes, each containing four hundred and sixteen pages of original and selected matter such as has heretofore been presented to its readers, and which, it is hoped, has been of a character to meet the full approval of the literary and general tastes of the reading community. The two volumes will comprise eight hundred and thirty-two pages, fifty-two of which will be Music.

The aim of the Publishers is to present in a compact, neat, and portable form, a literary and miscellaneous journal adapted to the intellectual wants of their readers; and from the very flattering success that has thus far rewarded their efforts, they indulge the hope that the New-Yorker will continue to receive that share of public favor which it has ever been their study to merit. The expression of cordiality and good feeling manifested by their friends and cotemporaries affords gratifying evidence that the character of their journal has been based upon a correct foundation, and it would therefore be irrelevant to say aught regarding their future intentions, further than to express their determination of leaving no means untried of furnishing a sheet which will bear respectable criticism when compared with any of the periodicals of the day of a similar character.

To those who propose patronizing the work, promptitude in forwarding their orders is earnestly recommended, as from present appearances it is believed that, large as the edition is which will be printed, still the numerous orders daily received for it, will quickly put it out of the power of the Publishers to supply back numbers, and they will not warrant the entire volume to those who may come in late with their subscriptions. Annexed are the conditions which must be strictly adhered to, as the line of conduct laid down will govern the transaction of business between the publishers and patrons.

CONDITIONS.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be published every Saturday afternoon on an extra-imperial sheet of the finest quality, comprising sixteen pages of three columns each, and afforded to its patrons in city and country, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable inflexibly in advance. Orders from a distance, unaccompanied by a remittance, will necessarily remain unanswered. Any person or persons sending $5 positively free of postage or other charges will receive two copies for one year, or a single copy for two years, and in the same proportion for a larger sum. The few who may desire to take the *folio* edition for immediate perusal and the Quarto for binding, will be entitled to receive both for $4 50 in advance. We will cheerfully preserve their files of the Quarto for any such who may desire it.

H. GREELEY & CO. 127 Nassau-st. New-York.

*** Editors of papers exchanging with us will please give the above an insertion.

THE NEW-YORKER—(QUARTO,)
Is Published every Saturday Evening, at No. 127 Nassau street,
BY H. GREELEY & CO.
TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Post Masters and others who will act as Agents for The New-Yorker, are authorized to retain 20 per cent of all moneys collected on new subscriptions for the same, where their remittances exceed $10. On collections from those who are already subscribers, they will charge us 15 per cent. Where sums collected are retained for a period of three months, the claim to commission will be forfeited. Where commission is charged we must not be taxed with postage.

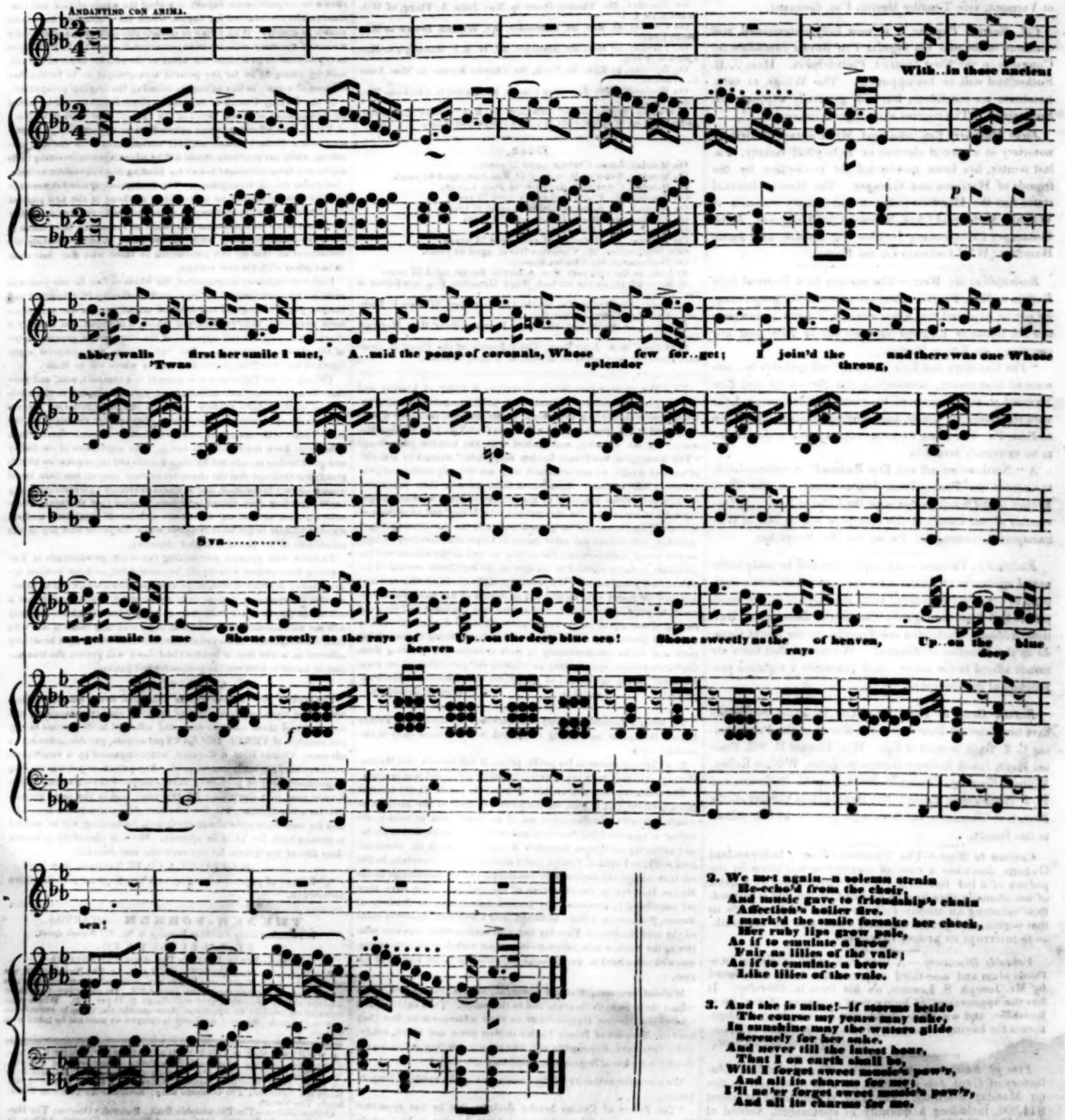
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—SEPTEMBER.—CONTENTS:—*Original Papers.*—Willis's Poems; Comments on Travel, No. 5—The Celonic Dialect; Our Forefathers—Washington; Modern British Poets; God; Barbito—a Spanish Nouvellette; Black Hawk; Little White Hat continued; The Diamond Ring; Return to the Scenes of Childhood; The Future.

*Critical Notices.*—The Philadelphia Book; Bancroft's Oration; The History of Rehoboth; Everett's Orations and Speeches; Everett's Address in commemoration of the Battle of Bunker Hill; The Statesman.

*Monthly Commentary.*—New Collegiate Course—Railway Statistics—Exports from New-Orleans. This day published by 1202t
Sept. 14. GEO. DEARBORN, 38 Gold-st.

# WITHIN THOSE ANCIENT ABBEY WALLS.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNET.




2. We met again—a solemn strain
Re-echo'd from the choir,
And music gave to friendship's chain
Affection's hallow fire.
I mark'd the smile forsake her cheek,
Her ruby lips grow pale,
As if to emulate a brow
Fair as lilies of the vale;
As if to emulate a brow
Like lilies of the vale.

3. And she is mine!—if storms betide
The course my years may take,
In sunshine may the waters glide
Serenely for her sake.
And never till the latest hour,
That I on earth shall be,
Will I forget sweet music's pow'r,
And all its charms for me;
I'll ne'er forget sweet music's pow'r,
And all its charms for me.